PZ 3
.H7858
M
COPY 1

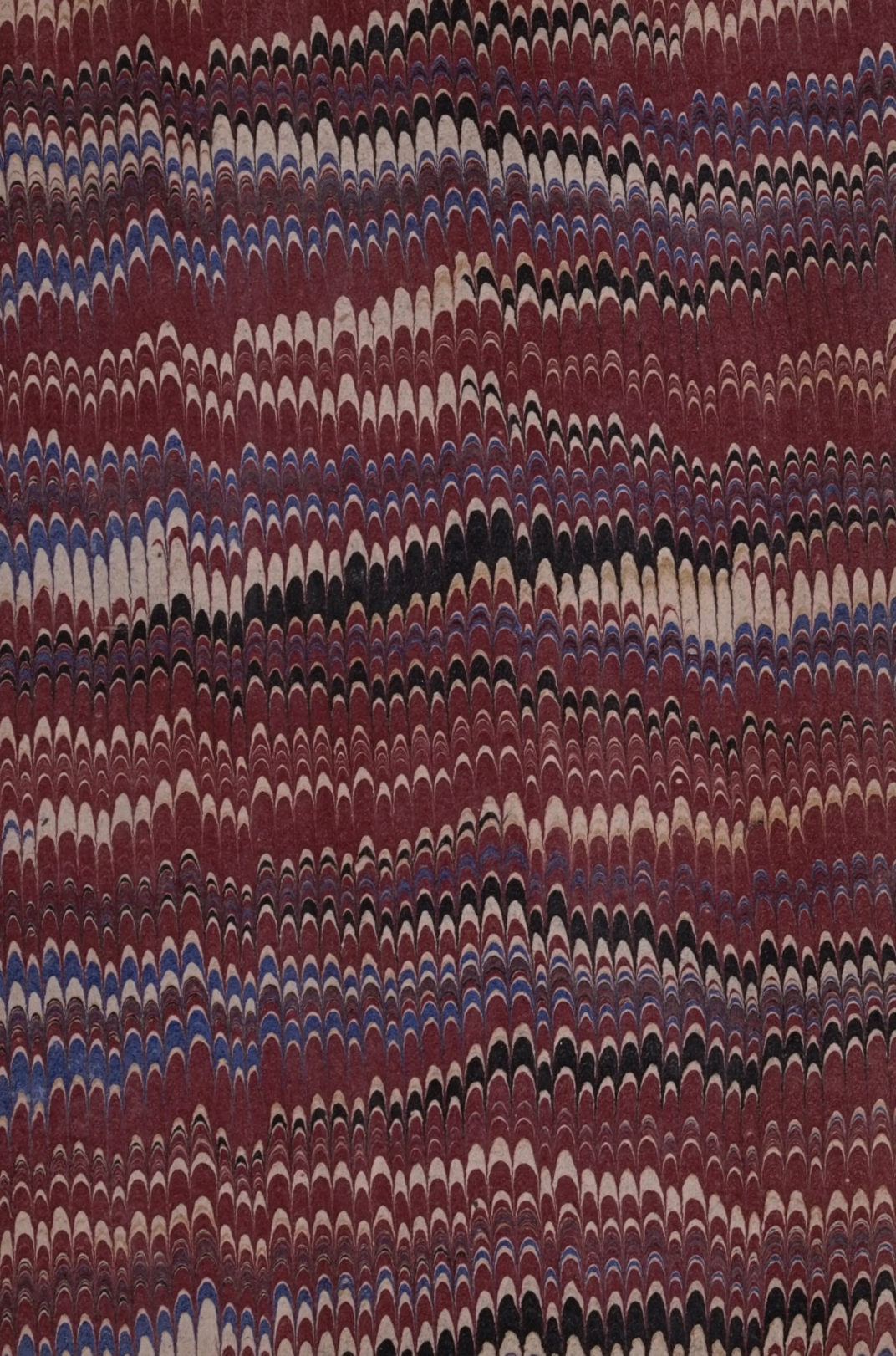
FT MEADE
GenColl

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. 35 Copyright No.

Shelf PZ3 .H7858M

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



VOL. I., NO. 11. FEB. 1, 1888.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE PER YEAR, $6.00.

ISSUED SEMI-MONTHLY.

CASSELL'S "RAINBOW" SERIES OF ORIGINAL NOVELS.

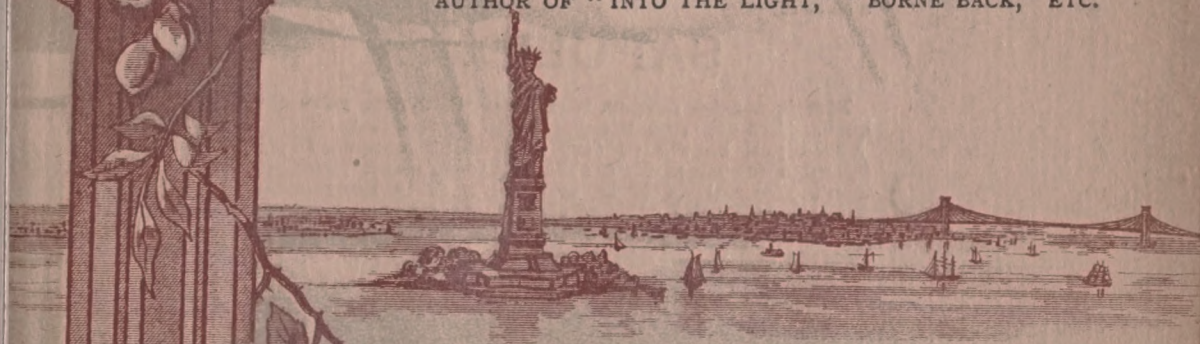
No. 11.

MARVELOUS IN OUR EYES

BY

EMMA E. HORNIBROOK

AUTHOR OF "INTO THE LIGHT," "BORNE BACK," ETC.



CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED.

739 & 741 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., as Second Class Matter.

COPYRIGHT 1887 BY O. M. DUNHAM.

"A DISEASE

known is half cured." If your house is dirty buy a cake of

SAPOLIO.

Dirt is a fatal disease which no physician can cure. Dirt contains the germs of many diseases. Would you be rid of dirt at a small expense? Spend a few cents for a cake of SAPOLIO and you won't know what it is to have a dirty house. SAPOLIO is a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes except the laundry. All grocers sell it. No. 38.

MARVELOUS IN OUR EYES

A STORY OF PROVIDENCE

BY

EMMA E. HORNIBROOK

AUTHOR OF "INTO THE LIGHT," "BORNE BACK," ETC., ETC.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, COPYRIGHT MAR 20 1889 8914 WASHINGTON.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED

104 & 106 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

PZ3
.H7858M

Colgate & Co's Cashmere Bouquet Perfume

for the Handkerchief.

"Cashmere Bouquet" is composed of the most fragrant and costly extracts from flowers. Each bottle bears the name and trade mark of Colgate & Co., New York.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE.

A STORY OF PROVIDENCE, ... 7

CHAPTER II.

WINIFRED'S HOME, ... 16

CHAPTER III.

THE SILVER BAR, ... 23

CHAPTER IV.

DANNY CONNOR, ... 30

CHAPTER V.

THE VICAR OF CLIFFCOOLE, ... 38

CHAPTER VI.

POETS AND POESY, ... 46

CHAPTER VII.

DOWN BY THE SEA, ... 55

CHAPTER VIII.

DIVIDED LIVES, ... 65

CHAPTER IX.

THE GAP FILLED, ... 75

CHAPTER X.

OUT OF THE DEEP, ... 84

CHAPTER XI.

PAGE.

SWEET COUNSEL, ... 89

CHAPTER XII.

FADING AND DEATHLESS, ... 96

CHAPTER XIII.

FOREVER, ... 102

CHAPTER XIV.

GOING DOWN, ... 108

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE CAVE, ... 117

CHAPTER XVI.

BACK TO EARTH, ... 125

CHAPTER XVII.

WAIT AND WORK, ... 132

CHAPTER XVIII.

TEMPTATION, ... 139

CHAPTER XIX.

BY SEA, ... 144

CHAPTER XX.

ON LAND, ... 151

CHAPTER XXI.

THROUGH THE WAITING, ... 157

CHAPTER XXII.

CORRECTING A MISTAKE, ... 164

"MARVELOUS IN OUR EYES."

A STORY OF PROVIDENCE.

CHAPTER I.

FAR AS THE ANTIPODES APART.

THE picture in the fading sunlight at the close of a day in early summer was a very pretty one—as pretty as youth, grace, and a total absence of all unpleasant surroundings could make it. Three young girls sat or reclined in easy attitudes in a luxuriously furnished drawing-room, which, in its quiet arrangements and want of what is usually deemed "effect," was evidently "a lady's chamber". Of its occupants, one was decidedly beautiful; each might have been so considered. We say "might", for without regularity of feature or perfect coloring, there were certain expressions and indications of character in each face which would have won upon many on a closer acquaintance than a mere passage in the street. Let us begin our limning aright. Half-buried in cushions, on a low couch, reclined Ethel Ruthin, the youngest and fairest of the group. She had scarcely numbered eighteen years, but the pretty pink color came and went too fitfully through the clear skin, while her dark eyes had the dreamy light which is indica-

tive of indolence or ill-health—perhaps of both. Her features were regular and in perfect repose—indeed, judging from the character of the face, smiles were rare, and a tender melancholy its habitual expression.

Seated at the piano, having just warbled forth a touching melody, but with her back now turned to the instrument, and any thing but a woe-begone expression in her bright blue eyes, was Louie Ruthin, Ethel's senior by two years. The sisters were alike, yet strangely unlike. There was nothing suggestive of repose about the elder, but, rather, an habitual restlessness and mirthfulness, which was highly entertaining, and even contagious. The mouth betokened weakness, and even in the singularly sweet smile which played in its dimples was a certain indecision, from which an acute observer might have augured ill for the girl's future.

On a low Elizabethan chair, in a window recess, sat another girl, not a sister, but the constant friend and companion of the Ruthins—Winifred Lorne. She might have seen as many years as Louie Ruthin; she certainly had seen more in those years than Louie Ruthin had known. Her eyes were not blue, nor brown, nor black, but of a soft gray which partook of each. In truth, they seemed to vary in shade, as they softened with sympathy and affection, beamed with intelligence, or strengthened others with a strength of purpose which spoke as plainly in their steady light as the plainest expressions on the lips could have done. It is said, "Every face is either a history or a prophecy". On Winifred Lorne's a

great deal might be written, and from it a great deal expected. At present its chief interest was, that the mind so easily shone through it, and every pure emotion seemed to leave a reflex there as an added charm. Her figure was in perfect repose, yet did not convey an impression of indolence. There was an ease and suppleness that told it might at any moment start into activity, and flit up and down the plain prosaic paths of life, the busiest of the busy throng. People who knew her said Winifred was a clever girl. Little of the secrets of heart or mind was shown to them, but she certainly seemed to apprehend in what true cleverness consists, which few women understand—even in making the most of circumstances. In spite of a pale face and slight figure, with their suggestions of an absence of physical strength, her friends relied upon her, as the weak ever do upon the strong. Into "the trivial round, the common task" of every-day life she brought, too, a buoyancy of spirit which is the result of good health and the natural outcome of a young and vigorous constitution. This, if it did not ennoble, enlivened and increased her popularity. Her widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters relied upon her; Ethel Ruthin relied on her, and so did Ethel Ruthin's brother also, to a greater extent than he would have cared to admit. Could she rely upon him?

We must look somewhat lower, in more senses than one. In the window-recess, on the cushioned ground, lounged a young man of two-and-twenty. His well-shaped head and forehead betokened intel-

ligence, his eyes, like his younger sister's, were dark and dreamy, but about the mouth were some disagreeable lines. The same weakness as was apparent in his elder sister's was there, mingled with an irony which too often caused the lip to curl. That mouth, with its contradictions, was a true index, and descriptive of the man. It might have been leniently read by the fair critics with whom he now was, and from whom much of his true character was hidden, but it would have needed no acute observer, if unprejudiced, to lay bare the secret of a low nature striving with no ordinary gifts and powers. Half-poet, half-painter, wholly nothing, Frank Ruthin was letting his life go by as a vain dream. Fitfully he wrought as the artist's fancy was attracted, then ceased to study or to labor, and idly nursed an ideal; or worse still, sought in self-indulgence such joys as could only yield bitter fruit. He might have been called the sole protector of his sister, for his father—immersed in politics and elated by sudden popularity—too often lost sight of family interests, and had neither time nor inclination to devote attention to his children. He went in and out among them with a mind preoccupied by public grievances, or schemes for some local benefit—not evil in themselves, but too engrossing. As they had early been left motherless, Ethel's health began to fail almost without notice. When it became too apparent, Mr. Ruthin, to give him his due, manifested some disquietude, and talked of sending her to Mentone. Then, after a long silence, during which so unimportant a matter had escaped his memory altogether, he decreed there

was no necessity for such a change, and the whole family—their friend, Miss Lorne, included—should go off some dozen miles or so to a wild sea-coast, where he rented a comfortable lodge. To this they somewhat reluctantly consented, but afterward came to dwell upon the proposal with more satisfaction, and even a prospect of pleasure.

As Louie Ruthin's song was concluded, she turned round, as we have said, a merry expression in her eyes, a light laugh upon her lips.

"How can you laugh so, Louie?" exclaimed Ethel, in a dreamy tone, as she settled herself more comfortably on her cushions; "you have nearly broken my heart."

"You have enough left to desire and enjoy comfort," returned her brother, in a satirical tone, as he turned on his elbow, with a look half proud, half contemptuous, to behold one whom he often styled his "lovely lazy sister".

"I laughed, my dear," replied Louie, coolly, not noticing her brother's interruption, "because I did not feel a bit of what I sang. I can not say I do not understand Italian, but hate sentiment."

"Then how can you throw such expression into words which are to you without meaning?" pursued Ethel. "Your voice has a soft plaintive ring at all times, which seems as if it would never cease sounding in my heart. It contradicts your assertion, and declares that you have some feeling, though it is the only thing about you suggestive of melancholy."

"I hope, unlike the brook, it will not go on sound-

ing forever," laughed Louie. "I only sing as I have been taught, my dear."

"According to a new theory, it may go on sounding—" began Frank; but was interrupted by his volatile sister.

"Pshaw! I hate theories; I only mean its doleful effect on Ethel's spirits."

"How strange that some should have the power to touch other hearts while their own is unmoved," said Winifred softly, as if speaking to herself. "I always thought there is what is called a sympathetic chord, a sort of mysterious influence, and so earnestness struck a note in one which must vibrate in another. How is it that mere tones can stir our beings? I have felt what Ethel has expressed; a sob of the wind, a minor chord, a moan of pain has overturned all my pleasures, and set my nerves quivering for days."

"In answer to your question, you must study the theory of sound," returned Frank Ruthin, gazing up at her, as men do at what is beyond their comprehension, yet quite within the reach of their admiration. "With regard to your experience, it is simply the result of too lively an imagination, and a too sympathetic nature."

"What grave discourse!" broke in Louie again. "One might think, to hear us talk of tones and theories, minor chords and mysterious influences (that is, of course, if our youthful charms were hidden from view), we were old maids, and you a staid bachelor, Frank. Now I shall give you something to divert your attention, both grave and gay,

apropos of the rocky fortresses of the natives to which we are going. Frank, was the sea-coast under the dominion of the Celt or Saxon? I know the royal Canute placed his seat there."

And without waiting for an answer to a purposely silly question, she turned again to the piano, and played with exquisite taste a selection of Irish melodies, ending in spirited style with "The Young May Moon" and "Garryowen".

"Would you not like to have lived in the good old times?" she exclaimed, as she again faced her audience.

"Why do you say the good old times?" inquired Frank. "Were they when men slaughtered their enemies to gain an appetite for dinner, and every comfort was wanting—so that Ethel might have reclined on rush-mats instead of downy cushions?"

"No, but when gold bracelets were hung up and no one was wicked enough to touch them."

"A short time, if ever!" put in Frank.

"And ladies might walk about in safety without the attendance of rude man," continued Louie, as usual, regardless of his comments.

"An advantage which Miss Ruthin, of all young ladies, would have prized!" was the satirical rejoinder.

"So we are to be banished to our wild Irish coast," she began, again flitting off to another subject, and, as usual, avoiding an argument, "leaving room in our vacant home for the nation to come in." (This she intended as a slap at her father's political interests.) "We shall be buried alive in the little hamlet

of Guyleen. Well, the roar of the water on the rocks at Inchnagorra is grand, and the distant view of the Cove of Cork grander still. Shan't I charm the fishers with 'The Cruiskeen Lawn', and old Erin's buried greatness, of which I know nothing and care less, until they think they see it under the green water like a fairy isle? If only the fresh breezes bring back some color to Ethel's cheeks we shan't complain. Eh, Ethel?"

But Ethel was asleep, and Winifred was—not dreaming, for she had no clear vision; but something strangely dark and undefined seemed to connect itself with Louie Ruthin's words, or rather, steal out of them. She could not give it shape or seeming, still less analyze her feelings. It was one of those unaccountable presentiments which come to us all in life—not like specters of the past, but a warning or promise of the future.

"Far as the antipodes apart!" muttered Frank Ruthin, as he sought his own chamber that night. "Afar each from the other, yet strangely drawn together. One of the girls immeasurably below a fellow; the other—well, scarcely above! One with no thought but of frolic and foolery; the other with intellect and energy of no common order. Ethel may be a mixture of both, but her nature seems frozen over. My father keeps aloof from us all with divided interests; while I—"

Was the picture of an idle life and unused talents an inviting one? Apparently not. Frank Ruthin extinguished his lamp, but could not put out the power of reflection.

That night Frank Ruthin had to face himself—to lie awake and review his life as it rose before him, whether he willed it or not. It is said—

> "Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
> Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

Frank Ruthin's badness was rather of a negative nature. Measuring himself by other worldly young men of the same age and means, he certainly did not seem desperately wicked, but in the light of one well-spent life, how far short his would have come! How different his aimless existence was from that of the young girl to whom alone he could look up! Neither understood the other; neither fully sympathized with the other; and no matter how closely united they might have been, Frank Ruthin's comment would have remained true, "Far as the antipodes apart".

CHAPTER II.

WINIFRED'S HOME.

MRS. LORNE, better known to the Ruthins as "Winifred's mother", rather than from any other importance of her own, sat at her early breakfast-table, surrounded by her numerous family. As the family was numerous, Mrs. Lorne was necessarily an early riser, and began by getting the first meal of the day speedily and satisfactorily out of the way. Breakfast was not what is usually called a "social meal" in the Lorne family; the head of it meant business, and every one who sat at that table was supposed to mean business too. It began in a decidedly straightforward manner; when Mrs. Lorne's cup was emptied for the second time a smart rap of her knuckles on the table announced the fact, and was the signal for the elder boy to place a large Bible and Book of Prayer on the table. With the aid of these she proceeded in the most solemn and reverent manner to conduct family worship, frequently commenting on the chapter she had read by way of enforcing it. She did not understand the style of the day in glossing things over, or dressing them up in soft terms. If there was a loiterer at the table, if one had descended late and eaten sparingly, no allowance was made; rules were rules, and no infringement of them conld be suffered, if order and decorum were to

be maintained. Mrs. Lorne was conscientious—most conscientious; no pressure of business, no undue haste, was permitted to interfere with or intrude into her religious services. Perhaps it was to guard against this danger that they were postponed until breakfast was over. She had been heard to say that no doubt fasting was good for holy people; it had been taught both by precept and example; but for her own part she found she could never pray without distraction when she was hungry. A well-regulated system and proper amount of food induced an easy state of mind; a state favorable to devotion, in short. At all events she found the sight of bodily food of which she had not partaken interfered with, if not impaired, her relish for spiritual food of which she was about to partake. No one could have discovered that through this method and precision there was pressing on the poor lady's mind a secret care, a burden which could never be shuffled off.

The most amiable member of Mrs. Lorne's household was judged by herself of least importance. It is true we are very much what we make ourselves, in more senses than one; and this estimate of herself was indorsed by every other member of the family. Miss Freeman, Mrs. Lorne's sister, or "Aunt Isabella", as she was called by the children, which in time was corrupted into "Billie" through the lisping of some juvenile member to whom the full name presented a difficulty, was not in the least self-asserting, so her claims to attention were continually set aside. Always setting the comfort of others above her own, there was not one with whom she came in

contact, from the kitchen to the drawing-room, from the drawing-room to the nursery, who was not more or less under her influence for good. A calming presence, and at the same time an energetic helper, each of them found in her a protector and friend. Winifred was her favorite, and much of the young girl's strength of character and well-timed usefulness were due to her aunt's judicious training and influence. It was strange that one who possessed so little firmness herself, apparently, should have encouraged this principle in another; but Miss Freeman was quite conscious of her own shortcomings, and earnestly sought to correct the effects of her weakness, and prevent the reproduction of her faults in the younger members of her sister's family. She had prayed earnestly and waited patiently for some evidence of a change of heart in Winifred, and longed for the time when "all *her* powers with all their might" should be engaged in the highest service, while before her was but one object—the glory of the Eternal.

"And so the Ruthins want you to go with them to Cliffcoole," Mrs. Lorne said, addressing her eldest daughter on this particular morning. "I am sure, Winifred, you would like it."

Mrs. Lorne had no suspicion of Frank Ruthin's feelings for her daughter, or this invitation might not have been so readily entertained. Immersed in household cares, and forgetful that the girl had grown to womanhood, the thought of a lover for Winifred had not occurred to her.

Winifred hesitated; she did not feel she ought to

express the pleasure an acceptance of the proposal would give her.

"I don't see how it could be managed, mamma," she replied, seriously revolving in her mind her mother's increased responsibility during her absence.

"I don't see why it can not. Leave the management to me. I think you will admit I *am* a manager," replied Mrs. Lorne, triumphantly. "What do you say, Isabella?"

"I think a little change, and all that, you know, would do Winifred good," said Miss Freeman, somewhat dubiously, as if she would fain say more, while she regarded her niece affectionately.

"Dear Billie," murmured Winifred, meeting her aunt's look with one as affectionate, "you always say the right and kind thing for us all."

"What seems kind is not always right," answered Miss Freeman, quietly.

"The worst of Winifred's going is, the clergyman at Cliffcoole is hardly up to my standard," said Mrs. Lorne, musingly.

"In social position or stature?" inquired Winifred, maliciously.

"Winifred, how can you jest upon such a subject?" replied her mother, severely. "You know I mean as regards religious principle and church matters."

"Mr. Archer is a good and truly pious man, I hear, and all that, you know," said Miss Freeman, hastily.

Womanlike, Miss Freeman took the weaker side, but in addition to this she had a habit of espousing

the cause of the absent. Her own views were sound and clear, and she was independent, at least, in the belief that God would have her draw them for herself fresh from the fountain of truth. She brought all teaching to this test-stone.

From some unexpressed feeling, Winifred avoided meeting her aunt's eyes, in which she had just read a perturbed questioning. Miss Freeman, however, followed the girl to her room.

"You will go, Winnie?" she inquired.

"I suppose so, Billie," was the brief reply.

"My child, I fear for you."

There was no response to this.

"Frank Ruthin loves you; so do we all, for the matter of that; but you never can love him."

"Why so, Billie?" was the low inquiry.

"Because he is unworthy," returned Miss Freeman, quietly.

"What if your assertion is contradicted? or your warning comes too late?" said Winifred, coloring deeply.

"Then it will be but a brief dream and a bitter awaking. But a dream, Winnie."

"You are a prophetess, Aunt Isabella."

"Old women generally are, my dear. Experience, and all that, you know, casts a light upon the future, and they can see what lies before the young. It is well we can not tell too much. For myself, I am thankful that 'I know not what may befall me'. Winifred, if you know to whom to commit yourself, and all that concerns you, you would seek to please Him in the present, and leave the future in His safe

keeping. Until you can do this, I must feel anxious about you. One thing I am sure of, you will never be contented with mean things."

"Aunt Isabella!" exclaimed the girl, starting up in sudden displeasure, "how can you connect meanness with Frank Ruthin?"

"Why should you think I alluded to him now, my dear? Winifred, beware! many a life has been clouded, and many young feet turned out of the paths of truth by the mistaken impulses of untried hearts. The young have a way of coloring things, and all that, you know, which is very pretty but very deceptive; and feeling, not reason, guides them. It is a great matter—a great rest and blessing when we can, like little children, put our hands into the hand of the heavenly Father, and say, 'Lord, I cannot choose; lead Thou me on'."

There was a long pause.

"My child," continued Miss Freeman, very earnestly, "will you breathe one short prayer to God, if only for my sake—'Lord, that my eyes may be opened'?"

Winifred was silent.

"That involves a great deal," she said, at last.

"A great deal," said her aunt; "a knowledge of yourself as a poor lost sinner, of Jesus as your all-sufficient Saviour, of God as your Father, of heaven as your home, of the Lord's people as your relatives, of the great privilege of living for Christ."

"You frighten me, Billie."

"I need not, my darling. Not at once does God show us all this. Only enter His school, and He

will impart as you are able to bear; for 'who teacheth like him'?"

Winifred unconsciously entered that school, and seated herself as a learner at His feet, when that night she offered the petition, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened!"

And the answer came, but not immediately; and not in the way—no, not in the way the offerer desired.

CHAPTER III.

THE SILVER BAR.

A MIST was creeping up out of the sea, stealing gradually, like an enemy, into a broad harbor on the south coast of Ireland, bounding the beholder's view. Before it, across the mouth of the harbor, lay a long line of silver light strangely glimmering and smiling in view of the approaching darkness. In that line of silver light, a single sail was visible. Many ships lay at anchor within—two or three men-of-war, a huge Cunard and an Inman steamer (miniature worlds in themselves), merchant vessels from all parts of the globe, of different size and lading, and several fishing-smacks. The prospects of "dirty weather" had driven them to their moorings, and across the bright bar of which we have spoken the last of the fishing fleet was seen approaching. Her return to shore was eagerly watched by a young girl, who was standing on a low promontory jutting out beneath a huge gray cliff, shading her eyes with her hand. Her lithe and active figure was well shown off by short skirts and a tight-fitting jacket. Her dark hair, loosened by a freshening breeze, blew across a cheek whose clear olive was tinged with the ruddy hue of health. Her dark eyes gleamed with hope and pride as she watched

the distant sail, and she sang to herself in a clear treble—

"There was a watcher down by the sea,
There was a sailor-lad coming to me,
And ever the wind whistled merrily,
Bearing him on.

"I care not for breezes in tree-tops high,
For waving corn, or a summer sigh;
But it fills the sails right merrily,
Bearing him on."

Only a peasant girl was little Minnie Connor, yet with a gentle, loving nature, and perceptions as deep and pure as your own, dear reader. She had never learned to analyze her feelings in any way, or properly express them. When they must find vent, they generally came out in broken snatches of songs which she had learned from the village girls, or spelled out for herself on old newspapers which fell into her hands. These, with wonderful facility, and the ready wit of her people, she adapted so, on various occasions, that they might almost have seemed improvised, and even amused her idle hours by teaching them to her brother, of whom we shall hear more by and by. Though but a fisher-maiden, she could draw pretty similes about silver bars, in her own young innocent fancy, as she sang.

"Heigho!" sighed pretty Minnie, as, yielding to the general influence and the unrest of the sea, her strains became more sorrowful; "sure, an' that's a sad note, somehow, an' I waitin' for Will, an' noways sorrowful. Thank God! the trouble's not comin' next nor nigh us; the holy angel's between us an' harm."

Minnie Connor, as we have said, was but a fisherman's daughter. Her father and elder brother slept beneath the wave beyond the silver bar; her mother was a plain, unlettered woman, yet one who in some mysterious way received an awful sense of the goodness and majesty of God, which always possessed her soul. It may have come to her in the voice of nature through the sounding of the sea, in its ever-recurring calm and sunshine, as well as through its storm-cloud and roar; it may have been in the "still, small" whispers of grace. However communicated, its end was accomplished in her. To that majesty she bowed unquestioningly when trial came upon her. How could she do otherwise than reply "Thy will be done!" to Him whose lightnings rent the heavens, and thunders echoed like a mighty voice from cliff to cliff and crag to crag? "He doeth according to His will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth," might have been the language of her heart; and who could resist, or dared gainsay that will? Mary Connor knew intuitively what so many great and learned are slow to receive, that to fret at it would be only like some poor prisoned bird beating its life out against the walls of its cage. Her highest wisdom was to bow submissively, and trust where she could not trace. So on the goodness also of the mighty God who ruled on high she depended when all things seemed against her, and of course was comforted and upheld; for who can doubt His faithfulness? Then in her lonely musings beside the solemn deep there was borne in upon her mind with the

clearness of a vision, a view of the stupendous sacrifice of the Son of God upon the cross, and a sense of the love which led to it. On His finished work she depended for salvation; in that love her soul was stayed for time and eternity. The simple questioner after truth, like other questioners of every rank and state, and age and clime—

> "An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry—"

without extraneous mortal aid, was making progress toward the divine source—the Fountain-head whence alone need can be met. Falsity and superstition were losing their hold on her, or rather her hold of them was loosened, and gradually there was "falling from her eyes as it had been scales". What she could not reconcile with her belief in Christ she quietly, perhaps unconsciously, ignored. One son remained to her—a simple, dutiful lad—of whom we shall have occasion to speak at greater length hereafter—and Minnie—pretty, bright, busy, innocent Minnie—was the pride of her heart and joy of her life. With the help of the girl she sold the fish at the nearest market, which her son Danny caught. From her quiet, inoffensive manner, and her daughter's good looks and modest ways, they were favorites in the neighborhood, and obtained employment of various kinds when bad weather prevented the lad's putting forth on the wild water. Indeed, Mrs. Connor (or "Granny" as she was called in the neighborhood), was never idle, and found the longest summer's day too short for her.

There were few families among the gentry and well-to-do farmers around where finely-knitted stockings and other samples of her industry were not to be found.

The line of light was narrowing, the silver bar becoming less and less. On the other side was the grave of Minnie Connor's father, but on this side, for her, was light and love and joy. A strong young fisherman, like herself the prop of a widowed mother, who declared "a good son would make a good husband", was nearing shore in the on-coming boat, and, as she watched it, Minnie's heart grew light, and she sang to herself as joyously as a bird. But yestereven she had known "for sure" that Will Joyce's true heart was hers, and they had plighted troth under the shadow of the huge gray cliffs which stretched away from the pretty village of Cliffcoole. It was wonderful to her to feel that the strong, brave man's happiness depended on a look, a word, a smile of hers! that he was under her pretty little womanly reign, and, as it were, wholly at her mercy. Oh, how well she would guard the sacred trust! Even as her little hands could clasp his arm, so her watchful tenderness should cling round him, and shield, too, when it depended. The distant silver bar was like the near stream of light that had fallen across her path, and in which she seemed to be treading. It represented to her a good man's love, and his protecting care; for this was the brightest thing memory could recall or imagination conceive. And so she was now waiting and watching, yet meanwhile, with all "a child's delight in little

things", while "of the grief unborn" she rested secure. Oh, had we but half the faith in God which we exercise toward others, how bright our paths in life would be!

"Waiting for Will!" As Minnie lingered on the shore, now sending an anxious glance over the darkening water, now looking intently into holes and crevices of the rock, as if in quest of mussels, or *mivawn*,* there came into her mind some lines she had read in an old magazine, and she proceeded, with the habit or gift to which we have already alluded, to adapt them for the occasion by interposing the word "Waiting".

Minnie did not set this to any decided air—rather a sort of wild recitative; but the monotone of the "waiting", so often recurring in the silence and solitude, was most effective. One heard it for whom life had grown suddenly dim, and who traveled hither and thither seeking to forget its burden in earth's strange sights and sounds. It came to him on the water, as he, too, was returning to shore to go on his way and leave that place forever. "What wait I for?" he asked, and like an answer to the chime rang some words in his memory which he had once learned but long time forgotten:

"Truly my hope is even in Thee."

Foolish, playful, hypocritical Minnie! As the boat drew to shore, she strolled along the beach, prying into holes and corners, as though thinking only of their hidden stores, and not waiting or watch-

---

* Or *dilisk*, an edible weed.

ing for lover or brother at all. Presently she felt Will's strong hand on either shoulder, and then the pretty deception was at an end. There were no spectators, for the tall cliffs shut out the hard world beyond, and shut the simple lovers into their own bright world below. Danny having secured the boat, began in his own awkward fashion to ascend the rocks; and what the rocks heard, we need not say.

CHAPTER IV.

DANNY CONNOR.

As Danny Connor climbed the sides of the steep rock, he presented a singularly grotesque appearance. His figure was strangely misshapen, no two members of his body being in proportion one with the other; but, perhaps, nothing was more remarkable than the extreme length of his arms and size of his bony hands. His reddish-brown hair hung in a tangled mass of irreclaimable confusion round his uncovered head, which was unnaturally large; his shoulders were broad, yet stooping, while his legs were short and thin. The face he turned ever and anon to the brow of the cliff did not altogether lack intelligence; on the contrary, there was a strange mixture of shrewdness and innocent wonder in the light gray eyes, which was far removed from cunning or stupidity. The best thing in the face was a set of very white and regular teeth, which he showed with the faintest smile that flitted across his usually quiet face. Altogether, the most casual observer might have felt that the fisher-lad, though falsely reported half-witted, was entirely to be trusted. Even in his rapid ascent, as was his wont, he sang in a low tone wild snatches of song, now in a single line, now a refrain without any regular tune, and interspersed pretty freely with pointless mutterings.

It was this habit of singing and speaking to himself which had suggested a doubt of his sanity to the country people around; but many a traveler who had watched his strange motions and listened to the verses his sister had taught him, and which they could scarcely have fancied impromptu, called him, in derision, "the poet of Cliffcoole". A poet he certainly was not; he knew as little of the real inspiration of genius as of the meaning of the term. He was never wrought up to making verse, and his mood seldom changed. That he could attract any one by his wild strains never occurred to him, and, indeed, he would not have been ambitious of such honor. Still, he had the power of stringing together disjointed thoughts in irregular verse, oftener regardless of rhyme, like beads of different shape and size upon one string, or rays of light divided in their passage through a dark and narrow channel. His sister had a great advantage over him in having a quick ear, while all his idea of tune was a doleful monotonous croon.

"Which is the best, the sunshine or the dark, the bright or the storm?" muttered the lad, according to his custom, thinking aloud. "'Tis a wise person can tell. Mother says nothing can hurt us unless God lets it, not even the big thunder. I have seen the hot sun scorch up an' ate the little bits of pinks an' flowers an' moss that grows so purtily in the holes of the rocks, an' was never loosened by the storm from their holdings. It is a grand thing to have one's trust in God for fair weather and foul, as mother has. He sees me, I know, through the

bright holes in the sky. I catch His eye looking down, but I never see more of Him than that, though I looks up pretty often. Danny's doing no harm; Danny's catching fish for his mother, an' thanks God for his good arms."

And, with the latter strange ascription of praise, the lad threw out the long members in which he gloried, like enormous feelers, until his large hands grasped the top of the cliff, and buried themselves in some strong roots growing there, by means of which he drew himself up. As the bony hands waved themselves in the air above the summit, a faint cry issued from it; and when Danny's shoulders appeared, a group of ladies and a gentleman were visible to the climber, shrinking back from his approach, yet, perhaps, too curious to beat a precipitate retreat. Danny, with the quick instinct which is given to persons of weak intellect, understood his position among them, and their feelings at a glance. One did not fear him at all. He met her gaze for a moment with intense satisfaction. Another was at once amused and frightened; a third only frightened. To her he addressed himself.

"Don't be afeared, lady; it's only me."

"Only you?" said the gentleman. "I should not say 'only', my man. I never saw any thing like you before." Then in an aside, "Such a specimen of humanity is uncommon enough to attract notice, and stand alone in its ugliness."

A mischievous gleam shot from Danny's eyes. Though he did not hear Mr. Ruthin's last words, and, perhaps, would not have received their full meaning

if he had, he had the wit to perceive that he was only a butt for the shafts of the gentleman's ridicule. For a moment or two his anger was excited, and he felt inclined to resent this; but his wrath quickly died away, and he said, quietly, yet with a mixture of pride, which was extremely ridiculous—

"I suppose, indeed, you never seen the likes of me—leastways, the likes of these arms," extending them to their full length. "Well, I'm Danny Connor, that lives in the cabin over yon, above Guyleen; and I—a—a—follow the art of fishing."

"A noble art!" laughed the gentleman, who was no other than our acquaintance Frank Ruthin.

"Yes," returned the lad, softening his voice almost to a whisper, "I know it is. Mother told me of Him as walked right a-top of the waves on a wild night. Well, I've looked out for Him many, many times, but never He comed my way; but then I'm a poor simple boy, an' maybe He'd be only seen by one who is to be made a great saint entirely. Mother says, too, that when it was blowing half a gale of wind, and the big water washing over the boat, He laid down and went to sleep as quiet as a baby in its cradle. That's Inchnagorra opposite, miss, and there's the rock where the big steamer went to pieces," he continued, again addressing Ethel, to whose beauty his eyes returned with a lingering, wondering gaze. "On that low reef the passengers an' crew got ashore, and we stood above 'em there; but the storm came up from the sea, driving us back when we tried to get on, and somebody held me, an' said I could do nothin'. When the light come, two

or three of us got down with ropes, an' them as was alive was hauled up, but half that got ashore lay dead ablow. A little lad was held inside his father's coat, but that couldn't keep the life in him, an' he was quite cold an' stiff, an'—" here Danny's voice sank to a whisper—"that father was madder nor me."

Ethel Ruthin's eyes were fixed on the speaker with eager interest, and a tear glittered on their long lashes. Danny had all a man's objection to a woman's tears, so he shrank away, muttering; but from that hour that lovely face impressed itself upon his memory like a dream.

"Stay," exclaimed Frank Ruthin, as he perceived the fisher-lad departing, "you must not get off so easily, my man; I want to perpetuate *la figure grotesque*—in other words, to take your likeness."

Now Danny did not fully comprehend this, but he understood what the gentleman meant by drawing forth a long thin book and pencil. He had seen such in requisition with many a tourist, and watched them transfer in some wonderful way the scenes around him to paper, even to the giant Coolum itself, the darkest and most rugged of all the cliff-line, towering in gloomy and terrible majesty above the rest, and frowning alike on the land it guarded, and the sea as a bold invader. Often an attempt had been made openly or furtively to transfer "the poet of Cliffcoole" also to paper, but Danny, always suspicious of this, had many devices for evading it. He was ordinarily a brave lad; he feared not to put forth on the dark waters when a storm was raging

and the lightning's flashes revealed a drifting bark. He would hang suspended in mid-air over a terrible abyss when the waters seethed and leaped in their mad wrath, as he dared the sea-birds' vengeance in his search for eggs; but he had an overpowering dread of having himself "taken", or "drawn out on paper", as he expressed it. He looked upon it as a sure harbinger of approaching death; and had he known that, as he fled before the artist's attack, or partly from memory, his figure was sketched, he would have felt his doom was sealed. Danny's simple mind could not understand why people who were still in the flesh wanted one another's "pictures drawn out"; and even if the sea divided them, he thought it was a poor mind that could not recall the absent face, with a smile upon it which the dim glass or paper never wore. He could remember the father who slept beneath the rolling tide, but no daguerreotype could have represented that father to him. It was therefore almost with a shudder he averted his face from Frank Ruthin's smiling gaze, while an angry flush rose to his forehead. In spite of the manifest displeasure, however, the young gentleman had made a few rapid strokes of his pencil, when Miss Lorne stepped forward and laid her hand hastily upon the paper.

"The lad must not be annoyed," she said, quietly.

There was something in the tone which caused a flush to rise to the gentleman's face such as it seldom wore. He was not accustomed to be dictated to, and never brooked interference. Nevertheless, he bit his lip when it began to curl, and by

a strong effort controlled his temper. His vexation was swallowed with a sort of gulp. Danny looked gratefully at his unexpected champion, and then beat a hasty retreat. He, at least, appreciated the laying of that small, firm hand upon the (to him) obnoxious page. "If she had only my arms she could do any thin'," he muttered to himself as he went his way, quite unconscious that his imaginary advantage would not have been desired by the young lady.

"Mother," he said, as he entered his cabin a little later, "there's only a basketful of fish ablow. An', mother, who are the gentlefolk I seed as I come along?"

"They be lately come to Coolum Lodge up yon," returned Mrs. Connor. "Minnie must take them up some fish. One looks as if she was not long for this world, poor, dear young lady, or else my old eyes don't serve me right. I can't say how it is that the fairest an' purtiest things we see the soonest pass out of sight. Ah, well! God is merciful, an' though our goodness won't get us into heaven, our badness needn't keep us out of it that I can see, if we only repent sincere, an' trust in the merits of His Son."

And even as she spoke, the poor fisher-woman breathed a prayer for the fading flower of Cliffcoole.

Did this title occur to poor Danny, or was it mere chance that there rose to his clouded mind the verse of a song long time forgotten?—

"Beneath the cliffs a flower grew;
None so daring, none so daring
As to pluck that flower blue —
None so daring.

But the wild wind whistled nigh,
But the wild spray dashed on high —
Came to see the flower die ;
Were they daring ?

Danny descended a short but rugged hill, where clustered many fishing-cabins, in their irregular form and absence of design like clumps of weeds, of various shades, from tawny to brown, cast on the rocks below. As the lad leisurely proceeded, he sang again a line or bar of the late sad ditty as it occurred to him, and the giant rocks at Inchnagorra, as they caught a louder note now and then, which was borne across the water, echoed "wild" and "die".

CHAPTER V.

THE VICAR OF CLIFFCOOLE.

THE vicar of Cliffcoole was a young man; too young, some had ventured to complain when he was appointed. The Ruthins had occupied their seaside lodge a few summers previously, and between this time and their present visit the late incumbent died, and the charge was given to the Rev. Horace Archer, whose father had been one of the bishop's friends. Whatever feelings influenced the latter in his choice of a successor to the old minister who had slumbered spiritually, as well as literally, beside the drowsy waves, and, unlike their vigorous brine, had decidedly "lost *his* savor", it was a wise one. Mr. Archer was an astute scholar and a gentleman. True, learning might be of little avail in his new post, but he had other qualifications which eminently fitted him for it, in a grave, earnest manner, and a simple eloquence which was very forcible. Few brought under its influence could resist, none could gainsay it, backed as it was by that most powerful of all arguments, a holy life. As a sincere and unworldly Christian who had work around him, resources within himself, and coming power above, he was quite contented with his lot. He did not choose, still less seek, to carve out his own destiny; he simply accepted it. He did not try to force a path

for himself; as soon would he have thought of storming a city single-handed; but when a path was open he trod it carefully and zealously. Not in the least undervaluing his own gifts, and seeking, rather, "to magnify his office," he did not allow himself to be carried away by his own desires, but wholly submitted himself to the divine will, saying,

"Choose Thou for me!"

Laying aside learning, this singular man came down in his preaching to the meanest capacity, setting forth the Gospel in its beautiful simplicity. Standing on a sure foundation, he held out a strong hand in yearning pity to those he sought to rescue. Some were awakened to anxiety by seeing how persuaded he was of their danger, while others felt ashamed of their sins, and not insensible to "the beauty of holiness", as shown in his practice. He was a ready adviser in seasons of difficulty, mourned with the mourner, and was ever to be found in the chamber of suffering. Little children clung to him, and the happy loved his smile. Even the most turbulent character in the neighborhood passed him with a respectful salute, and he was considered under the special protection of the fish-wives—an honor to which few attained, and which, truth to say, he scarcely appreciated.

Such was Horace Archer, dealing so wisely and kindly, that among the inhabitants of Cliffcoole and its somewhat thickly-peopled neighborhood, on to the adjoining important sea-port town, he was decidedly a favorite and a success. He did not discern much good result from his labor, it is true, greatly

as he desired it; but the good seed was sown in many a heart, and the dew of God's blessing was beginning manifestly to descend, in answer to many prayers.

"How do you like the new parson?" asked Frank Ruthin of Winifred and his sisters, as they walked home from church along a winding seaside path, the first Sunday of their stay at Cliffcoole.

"Not at all," returned Louie; "there was not a single new idea in his sermon. It's the same thing they all say, over and over again."

"I don't think I ever heard a sermon like it before," remarked Ethel, dreamily.

"And I, too, thought it seemed wonderfully fresh and new," added Winifred, gazing thoughtfully before her. "I suppose it is all in the Bible, and I have heard the old story of which you complain, Louie, many times; but really, whether through my former ignorance or the clergyman's present gift, it commended itself to me as it has never done before."

"I thought you seemed very attentive," observed Louie maliciously. "I was wondering whether it was to the man or the matter. He is too young and gentle (not that he is my style, you know), to be stared out of countenance."

"I don't know what you call gentle," replied Frank Ruthin, testily. "He has a straight nose and hard, grave face."

"Not hard, Frank," interrupted Ethel. "There was a strange light in it, which made me think he enjoyed what he said, if no one else did."

"Perhaps he enjoyed it all the more for the mani-

fest admiration of his audience," sneered Master Frank. "Probably he took yours and Miss Lorne's attention as a tribute which was his due."

"Well, men *are* jealous!" laughed Louie. "Did you ever meet a man who was willing to have another admired or praised? It detracts from dear self."

"I thought this was an interesting phase of character for which ladies were specially noticeable," retorted the young gentleman.

"Don't mind sneering, Frank; reserve your satire," pursued his elder sister, who was not to be set down or silenced. "Remember this is Sunday. Let us turn the subject. Don't you think Miss Franklyn's bonnet showed a great deal of research?"

No one seemed interested in this equally unprofitable inquiry, so silence ensued. Frank Ruthin bit his offending lip—a habit he had when seeking to control ill-humor—and glanced now and again at Miss Lorne's thoughtful face as she walked quietly beside him.

Mr. Archer had chosen a very short text that day—only two words—"This Man," as found in two passages—"This Man receiveth sinners" (Luke xv., 2); "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins" (Acts xiii., 38).

He tried to show his hearers that they were sinners, and for this end sought to bring them face to face with the holy God, and with the manifestation of Himself in the pure and blessed Jesus, the One who came to rescue the lost, to restore the erring,

to raise the fallen. Majesty, abating nothing of its greatness, had come down to misery's low estate. Had it been in vain for any of them?

Through the fullness of the atonement he preached unto them a resurrection from wrong to right, from death to life, from a tried existence to an eternity of bliss.

In Winifred's heart awoke anew a sense of need, of which she had ever been more or less conscious, and which now stirred almost to pain. For the first time the gracious One of whom she heard seemed "a living, bright reality". Still, the power of a mere earthly affection held her from His side, and won her for itself alone.

Of course Mr. Archer noticed the strangers in his church, and was pleased, though not flattered, by the manifest attention of some of them. He did not take that attention as a tribute due to himself, but due to his theme; and, as he marked Winifred's earnest gaze, and Ethel's manifest delicacy and dreamy languor, he felt drawn out in greater earnestness and more faithful simplicity.

The service concluded with a hymn. The church was on the slope of a hill, a narrow path leading to the main road, which overlooked the water. As Mr. Archer descended this, he came suddenly upon Danny Connor, standing motionless, gazing out to sea. His hands were clasped, and his face wore a rapt expression, as if some beatific vision filled his mind, or he heard entrancing sounds. Mr. Archer, who had encountered the lad many times before, and knew something of his tastes and habits, at

once divined the cause of his apparent enjoyment.

"Good-morning, Danny," he said. "Have you been listening to our singing?"

"Good-morrow kindly, yer honor, an' sure them sounds was jest beautiful."

"You love music, my lad?" inquired the gentleman, curious to hear the poor fellow's idea of it.

"Ay!" returned the lad, as if not understanding what was meant. "I love the noise of the sea when it's roarin' mad, an' dashes upon the cliffs, an' the wind whistles an' screeches an' howls like a thing in pain. An' I like to hear the cry the sea-birds make when the storm's comin'; oh, yes, an' the purty see-see the little shells make when you holds them to yer ear. But the nicest of all is them notes you was making awhile agone; it seemed as if all the purty sounds was fittin' in together. I can sing, too, finely," and without waiting for an invitation Danny commenced his usual croon, in which, no matter how great his taste for music and appreciation of harmony, there was at least no melody—

"Out on the sea when the waters roll
An' the wild winds come and go,
When the sky was dark, down went the bark
Full forty fathoms low."

"That is a sad song, Danny," said Mr. Archer, cheerfully, "but it reminds me of something. Do you know we were all going down—down to a deeper and blacker place than the bottom of the sea—but the good Lord came out of heaven, and paid a price for our souls by pouring out His heart's blood on

the cross, so that He might buy us, and take us to live with Him in His happy home above?"

"But how ever are we to get up there?" asked Danny; "'tis that puzzles me entirely. Father Byran says, 'Be a good boy, Danny, an' mind yer duty reg'lar, an' don't forget yer dues, and there's no fear of you, through the mercy of God.' Mother says it's all the mercy of God, widout any dues."

"Yes, my lad, there were dues, but not to be paid by you. God must have His rights and satisfaction for sin; but if we trust in what the blessed Lord Jesus endured for us, God will forgive us our offenses, take us into His favor now, and receive us into heaven when we die."

And knowing the power of music over the simple lad, Mr. Archer sang in a low, deep voice some verses of a well-known hymn.

The air and rhythm caught Danny's fancy.

"Learn me that," he cried impatiently.

Mr. Archer repeated the lines very slowly and distinctly. Then he said,

"Danny, the Lord Jesus bids us come to Him. He is not on earth now, but up in heaven, and we can not see Him with our eyes, but may speak to Him in our hearts and with our lips, and He hears and understands us. When we so speak we come to Him; when we trust to Him altogether without any thing else, He saves us. Can you read, my lad?"

"Och! then, an' I can not, yer riverence, though mother is a fine scholard, an' Minnie is larnin'. All the edication was left out of me, more's the pity, an'

but that the good Lord gev me such fine arms I should be no good at all, at all."

"Well, take this book," returned the clergyman, handing his companion a New Testament which he happened to have about him, "and may it make you and yours 'wise unto salvation'!"

Danny accepted the gift with thanks.

"The entrance of Thy words giveth light and understanding to the simple."

The poor lad little knew what a bright beam of light was to enter his humble home through the reading of this blessed book. He went off singing with a satisfied air, in the consciousness of his new possession.

Of course Mr. Archer called on the Ruthins, and by a pleasant, genial manner set himself on an easy footing with them at once. He did not believe in forcing religion upon people in a disagreeable way, as if it was a wholesome potion that they *must* swallow, nor in a gloom which little commended it. He did not wish their pastor for the time to become a formidable personage to them, no more than to poor Danny Connor, yet would not lower the dignity of his ministry. He was successful in this effort also, and so his influence for good was felt in the home of the rich as well as in the cabin on the rock.

CHAPTER VI.

POETS AND POESY.

WITH a mighty roll and ceaseless dash, as if conscious of and rejoicing in their might, the waters of the broad Atlantic swept on to the very base of the tall cliffs that guarded the shore at Cliffcoole, but a few miles distant from a large seaport town, breaking on the rocky barriers in fierce wrath, and sending showers of spray on high, as in mingled anger and derision. Triumph it might have been; for as surely as those barriers stood up to resist, so surely did the mighty tide encroach and extend its dominion. In a narrow cove, guarded on all sides but the one open to the sea by dark gray cliffs, reached only by a circuitous and narrow path, was a clear floorway of bright yellow sand. On this was a tolerably comfortable seat, hollowed by the action of the tide out of a huge bowlder; and in it, amid plaids and wraps, sat Ethel Ruthin, while her sister and friend reclined on the ground beside her.

"And now, fair mistress, thou art enthroned, and we, thy attendant maidens, await thy commands!" exclaimed Louie. "Shall we gather marine treasures for the royal aquarium, or sit at thy majesty's feet, and read thee to sleep?"

"If you act courtiers, I shall, like the mighty Dane, order you to move my immovable seat to

where the waves shall roll in to wash away my fancied greatness," returned Ethel.

"I think not," laughed Louie; "that would involve your moving also; a thing I know you are averse to when you have been made *comfey*."

Ethel's indolence, whether natural or the result of ill health, was too well known to be disputed.

"I do not feel inclined to play at rank and style here," said Winifred; "I seem very small indeed. And yet nowhere else does my mind travel forth so far, or my heart swell with such a sense of its tremendous capacity."

"You are always moralizing, Winifred," answered Ethel, languidly; "I never moralize, but feel as if I could dream life away by this beautiful calm tide. The little girl who lives in the cabin on the cliffs has not altogether a bad time of it; every influence is pure and fresh, and must breathe peace. Her taste has not been impaired; ours has been spoiled by the life of a city."

Winifred, in reply, repeated in clear tones the lines—

"'I see the deep's untrampled floor,
With green and purple sea-weeds strewn;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown;
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion.

"'Yet now, despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care

Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death-like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.'"

"The man who sang thus declared he had not—

"'Hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,'"

said a full, deep voice, as Mr. Archer suddenly rounded a corner and stood beside them.

"There are others like him," muttered Ethel, as if involuntarily.

He did not look as if he heard her; on the contrary, he turned his head away, and no one would have guessed that his heart rose in thankfulness at the admission. He only said, in a pleasant voice:

"You have invaded my dominions, young ladies. I must have been here before you, dreaming my own dreams in a terrible retreat called 'The Bloody Cavern'."

"Oh! Mr. Archer, what a beautiful name!" exclaimed Louie.

"Do you think so?" he replied, with an amused expression. "I should have said it was the reverse."

"Indeed, it is beautifully suggestive," persisted Louie; "a very romance in itself—love, mystery, and superstition."

"You love romances, Miss Ruthin?"

"I do."

"And think highwaymen, smugglers, etc., gallant gentlemen?"

"I do."

"I am sorry for you," he said, candidly.

"And I don't want your pity," was the smart retort.

"Nevertheless, being a foolish fellow, I give it," he returned, good-humoredly, "as I should give it to one I saw seeking to still the cravings of hunger with poison, when wholesome food was within his reach. What is more," he added, with a willful look which sat very well on his usually grave face, but called a momentary flush to Miss Ruthin's, "I am afraid I should try to take the poison from him."

There was a pause, and then Mr. Archer went on in a different tone.

"Whether this cave was the resort of smugglers, or simply received its name from the red hue of the rocks which form it, I can not tell; probably both. I know it used to communicate with the pretty cottage which stands alone a little way back in the hollow from the brow of the cliff, and have heard a strange story about it."

"A story! pray tell it to us," was Louie's delighted ejaculation.

And with a courteous, "At your command, Miss Ruthin," which removed all her lingering displeasure, Mr. Archer began:

"For a long time that cottage was untenanted; the last tenants had heard such strange sounds there in the dead of night that they were glad to leave the place and seek some quieter abode. Of course, there was but one solution of the mystery—the place was haunted! The evil report went abroad, and no one would take it. At last it was let to the

wife of an officer in the constabulary stationed at the cove. She came there with her children and servants, her husband remaining at his quarters. The very night of their arrival the strange sounds began. From the walls at one side of a passage leading to the sitting-room she heard dreadful moans, the clanking of chains, and even wild laughter, which sometimes seemed to ascend from beneath. She was not naturally nervous; so tried to discover if it was a trick—in vain; and almost concluded some wretched maniac must be concealed on the premises. At last she wrote to her husband, begging him to come to her secretly and with dispatch, which he did. On hearing her story he formed his plans. Stationing a few men privately on the premises, he sat alone with his wife late at night. A terrible noise was heard, then a rattling of iron; she grasped his arm in terror.

"'Take the light and go before me through the passage,'" he whispered.

"She obeyed, trembling in every limb. He kept close behind her. As she reached a certain spot, through an aperture not noticeable before, a red hand was thrust right into her face. In an instant the officer seized it. It was flesh and blood, and twisted itself vigorously and viciously in a vain effort to get free. At a signal, the policemen rushed in, the aperture was widened, and the leader of a band of smugglers captured, with much booty. The rest of the band escaped through 'the bloody cavern' to the sea."

"What a grand story!" exclaimed Miss Ruthin;

"but I don't think it was right of the officer to make his wife go before him. I thought when you came to that part he was a coward."

"You should not form hasty conclusions," said Mr. Archer, smiling.

"I shall never form any others," returned Louie, with her usual light laugh.

Mr. Archer turned to Ethel.

"The sea is always suggestive of unrest. How is it that it has a calming influence upon our minds?"

"I suppose it is only the monotony of its sound," she replied.

"Or perhaps, the greater unrest outside makes that within seem less," added Winifred. "The mind is drawn off from the contemplation of itself."

He looked quickly at her.

"I think you are right; there never can be peace to a mind turned in upon itself. It induces that morbidity of which I complain in novels, until the imagination becomes diseased. When the mind travels over the illimitable ocean and is lost in the contemplation of its vastness, or visits distant lands, it inhales, as it were, new life and vigor, and fresh powers of thought, which are to the intellect what the sea-breezes are to the wasting body."

There was a silence after this. He had spoken well, but his last words struck a chord which vibrated somewhat painfully. He perceived it.

"We spoke just now of one who had not 'hope nor peace'," he said, bending again toward Ethel. "Do you know why this was so with this gifted man?"

"No," she replied, looking away from him, for she had an intuitive perception to what he was leading her.

"Because he could not look away from himself and his evil surroundings to One who is, in Himself, His people's peace. He who trusts in Christ has a hope which nothing can destroy, 'as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast'."

There was a silence after this; then Mr. Archer, in full, quiet tones, repeated slowly,

"'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you.' Oh, what a heritage! How sad to see so many miss it; how painful to trace the word 'unsatisfied' written across the greatest efforts of genius! Shelley drank to the dregs the cup of earthly joy, yet, unhappy in himself, his writings do not breathe that high, pure tone which should mark true poesy."

"You are a severe critic, Mr. Archer," said Winifred. "Do you write?"

"Not poetry; my standard is too high."

"And you assail the highest?"

"I was not aware of it. Do you read poetry, Miss Lorne?"

"Selections. We have some volumes, English and American."

"May I inquire—what effect have such pieces as you have quoted upon you? Do they give you strength for 'the common task' in every-day life?"

"No; but they rest me after it."

"I may infer they induce a tender melancholy, or a lofty enthusiasm. You dream?"

"Yes."

"I am afraid you are a poet," he rejoined, laughing.

"Afraid?"

"Yes; I do not think the gift of poesy a happy heritage for a woman."

"And I am afraid I have as little claim to it as the poor half-witted lad who climbs those rocks has to the title of 'Poet of Cliffcoole,'" Winifred replied.

"There is something strangely reliable about that lad," said Mr. Archer, musingly. "In spite of his singular deformity, one instinctively trusts and likes him."

"Mr. Archer, why do you choose to live here?" asked Louie Ruthin, suddenly.

"I did not choose it, Miss Ruthin."

"Then, why come here at all? You were not forced to do so, surely?"

"Not at all; I was led."

Miss Ruthin looked puzzled.

"Old John Newton used to say that 'whenever he tried to carve for himself, he always cut his fingers'. Can you not understand my professing to be led by a higher will and power than my own?"

"But did you see a vision telling you of a place called 'The Bloody Cavern', and a lot of naughty people, among them willful young ladies, who were to be encountered on its cliffs?"

"I needed no vision, Miss Ruthin," he said, smiling pleasantly; "willful young ladies are to be met everywhere, and I had to take a very naughty person with me wherever I went."

"You don't mean to condemn yourself?" pursued the young lady. "I thought you were a saint."

"And you find I am a sinner. Did you know I could be both?"

"The terms are not synonymous," remarked Winifred.

"Certainly not; they are contradictory."

Miss Lorne in her turn looked puzzled.

"When we look away from ourselves, as I have said," Mr. Archer continued, "and see sin put away by the sacrifice of Another, and we ourselves complete in His perfection, a new nature is given us, indwelt by the Holy Ghost. The old evil principle remains, and 'these are contrary the one to the other', so that the Christian life is a constant warfare. The redeemed and renewed sinner is separated to God's service—in other words, he becomes a saint, or sanctified one."

There was a long silence; then Louie, with one of her quick changes of mood, said impulsively—

"I have a bad tongue, Mr. Archer."

"I never knew any one who had a good one, Miss Ruthin."

Winifred looked thoughtful, as she ever did, when learning; Louie bored. Ethel said nothing, and the expression of her face, as she shook hands with Mr. Archer, was calm and cold as ever. "She is tired," he thought. He did not know that she was always tired. He looked at her earnestly, which she did not appear to notice. It was hard not to be in earnest about her.

CHAPTER VII.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

"WHY did he look at me in that way?" mused Ethel, who was by no means as indifferent as she appeared. "He thinks I am very ill—a great deal worse than I really am. I am not ill. I only want to get up a little strength, and these fresh breezes, instead of inducing sleep, will bring new life. I suppose he pities me; I don't need it, and won't be pitied by him."

And then Ethel, with the supineness which was constitutional with her, and which would not allow her to be long fretted about any thing, settled in her own mind that she did not care what Mr. Archer thought.

She did care, however; she cared as much about it as she could about any thing. Ethel Ruthin was not naturally selfish, but there is no doubt ill health makes one so. She was naturally indolent, and this fault illness fostered and increased. Yet she was not incapable of deep and strong feeling; only the depths of her nature had never been stirred, and circumstances had not called it into action. She had an affectionate and sensitive nature lying like a warm under-current, whose existence was little suspected by the casual observer, beneath a calm and undemonstrative manner.

She learned a lesson that day down by the sea. There came upon her a vague feeling of unrest and anxiety. She tried to account for the unrest as a mere effect of physical weakness, but it was not so; and she only half deceived herself by setting it down as this. She learned, too, that peace, deep and entire, could only be attained by looking away from herself to Another. That other was far off, and a stranger, it is true; she saw "no beauty in Him"; but it was much to have a sense of need awakened, and to know how alone that need could be met.

"I am not ill," she said again, determined to assert the fact; "at least, not very ill. Any one would get strong down by the sea."

Ah! but some of the fairest things earth has ever seen have gone down to, or lie wrecked beside that treacherous main! How many hearts anticipate in their impatient longing the mandate of the all-powerful One, "Give up!"

Winifred Lorne wandered there—Winifred alone. She wanted to "commune with her own heart" undisturbed, and so, as one she cared for before had done unknown to her, had come hither to face herself.

A book lay on her knee, a volume of Mrs. Barrett Browning's poems, but she was not reading.

"It is true I have a poet's mind," she said, "able to discern the beautiful where others might pass it by; to weave strange fancies, and often grow sick with its own unexpressed desires. Often, too, I can roam delighted in a beautiful world of my own imagining, which is quite as real and a thousand times

fairer than this lower earth of ours—the living world, I mean ; for nature is in itself one grand poem. How could the gift of poesy be a heritage of woe, as that grave clergyman asserted? I fancy he does not speak lightly, or from hasty conclusions, but can support his assertions with plain matter-of-fact arguments. Well, perhaps a woman's ideal is too pure and high ever to be reached on earth ; that the striving after it produces unrest and dissatisfaction, the failure despair."

With which vague and poetical conclusion, which was like all the poetry of the day—though smooth in its flow, obscure in its meaning—Winifred came down to earth's low realities. She began to question within herself whether she was selfish in being absent from home, and a vision of her mother, busied in preparing a dinner with "strict economy", occurred to her. In one moment she was back in the most prosaic details of household life. If she had a warm or poetic fancy, circumstances had always prevented its indulgence, and she found there was no time in her busy round for dreaming. Spoiled poet she might have been ; failure she certainly was not. There are heroes and heroines in obscurity of whom the world wots not, as well as martyrs in her "dens and caves", "of whom the world is not worthy". The hardest battles are not always fought in view of an assembled phalanx, nor the greatest victories proclaimed aloud by trumpet and drum. "A man who can give up dreaming and go to his daily realities, who can smother down in his heart his love or woe, and take to the hard work of his hands—that man is life's best hero."

Is a woman less brave and true who can do this? or is the "smothering down" her normal condition?

Winifred had her ideal (what young girl has not?) and, with true womanly weakness and mistake, was investing a real, living person with qualities which he did not at all possess. It is sad indeed so to dream, because awaking to the fact that the worthiness was in one's own imagination alone, is so bitter! To the young it is more cruel than death. Alas! that the saddest of all losses should come to us as we advance on life's journey—a believing heart.

For the second time in Winifred Lorne's young life she had been brought under the influence of true religion. Her Aunt Isabella was a sincere Christian, humbly striving in her daily walk and in uninteresting details of household duty to evince the spirit of her Master. In a different sphere, Winifred now saw Mr. Archer doing the same thing—one serving in public ministry, one quietly "doing the next thing", however humble and insignificant it might be.

Completely hidden from observation, in a rocky retreat, Winifred began dreamily watching an active little figure running to and fro, now stooping, now climbing a few steps higher, on a headland near. It was Minnie Connor, gathering Carrigeen moss; and as she filled a small basket, which was tied to her side, she sang to herself in clear and high tones—

"I do not live in palace great,
I care not now for rank or state,
A lowlier lot is joy to me—
To dwell beside the sounding sea,

To watch the wild waves swell and roar
And break in foam upon the shore;
A fisher's child, a fisher's mate —
Be this my rank and this my state."

"A very pretty song, but so pretty a maiden may desire a better lot than the fishing-cabin on the hill!" exclaimed a voice which Winifred knew only too well.

Wishing to escape notice, and without a thought that in this case concealment could be wrong or overhearing dishonorable, Winifred drew a little further into her retreat.

"It is good enough for the likes of me," was the modest reply; "leastways, it's a deal dearer than the grandest place on airth."

"Good enough? Why, I should say, my sea-flower, nothing was too good for you," was the ardent response. "Stay a moment; I wish to make a drawing of that cliff, and shall draw you too. I cannot lose my pretty picture. Give me your hand; I must place you in a proper position to adorn the view."

An indignant exclamation from Minnie Connor at this smiling but impudent speech nearly drew Winifred from her hiding-place, but, recollecting herself, by a great effort she controlled the rising tide of passion, and pressing both her hands upon her heart, and with flushed cheeks and eyes flashing with a light it would be unpleasant to meet, crouched further back beneath the sheltering rock.

"I will let her deal with him alone," she muttered. "Let the false nature and the pure speak out. If she

is a true woman and not an untaught coquette, she will rebuke and expose him to himself, or restore his faith in womankind. Let the hand of the poor fisher-girl humble him, instead of his humbling her. At present my interference would be ill-judged."

Winifred was not mistaken in her confidence in the girl. In a quivering tone, yet with simple dignity which might have gone straight to the heart of another man, the peasant-girl said slowly,

"I am the Widow Connor's child, an' the promised wife of Will Joyce."

Her faith in the two beings whose special charge she was, and whose love she repaid with her young heart's devotion, was most touching. Tears sprang to the concealed listener's eyes, but the better nature of the man beside her was not aroused.

"Pretty one," he said, in a voice which, though low, was but too distinct—"I wish I could say *my* pretty one—you do well to love your good mother, though, shut out from the world as she has so long been, she is rather hard upon a young girl like you in bringing you up only to sell fish and gather weeds on the sea-shore. You ought to be dressed in a way more suited to your beauty, and surrounded by pretty things; go forth to see the world and enjoy yourself as other young girls do, to whom fate has been less cruel. Why think of Will Joyce at all? he is but a common fisher-lad, honest though he may be. Let him find some mate more like himself. You might marry almost any one; ay, even a gentleman."

There was no reply. Oh! did she waver? Not for one moment was her pride in her lover shaken. She

felt instinctively his marvelous superiority, rough and uneducated though he might be, to the false man beside her, and had smiled in derision, as she heard him assailed, to think how little Will Joyce would affront an honest maiden! Not for one moment was discontent at her lot awakened; not for one moment, good heart and true! not for one moment, pure mind and simple! A cry, half terror, half anger, burst from her lips, quickly succeeded by another. Winifred started to her feet, and rushed forth. As she did so, a perfect avalanche of clay, weeds, and heavy stones came sweeping down the steepest side of the cliff. Following them appeared what at first sight seemed only a dark, shapeless mass. Then there was a waving in the air, as if some enormous bird had been frightened from its rocky nest; and round the light yet muscular form of Frank Ruthin there twined the long sinewy arms of Danny Connor. Active and sure-footed, Minnie sprang forward over the sharp and treacherous rocks to separate them, while Winifred, with lips compressed and knitted brow, stood to witness the deadly struggle, scorning to interfere. Not a particle of wounded pride or selfish regret filled her mind then; she felt for the fisher-girl as if she had been her sister, making her cause her own, and was thankful that she had a natural protector, who would not allow harm to come to her—the simple "sea-flower", as she had been by the artist's fancy not inaptly called.

On the summit of the rock they swayed; to the verge they tottered. Frank Ruthin was wary, active, and courageous; but every effort he put forth was

vain, and only expended the strength he would need for the final struggle. He could not unbind, or in any way resist the clasp of those long bony arms, which held him as in a vise. That clasp seemed more than human; he felt as if he were in the embrace of some monster, calm in the intensity of its passion. Again and again he tried to twist himself free, in vain!

Now nearer and nearer to the rocky brow they come, until they totter on its very brink, swaying backward and forward as if unconscious of, or indifferent to, their perilous position. A loud cry of horror burst from Minnie; Winifred's pale lips parted, though she uttered no sound. Then, feeling the ground giving way beneath his feet, Danny Connor was seen to lift his adversary from the place where he stood, and twining his arms more securely around him, to spring out into the dark and troubled water, his victim still locked in a deadly embrace.

Moments passed; moments of horror, moments that seemed ages, and then there rose a dark and confused mass to the surface of the water, and the great arms of the fisher-lad—like enormous propellers—struck out for the shore. He staggered on the wet shingles, shook himself like some great water-animal, and began slowly, and with unusual difficulty, to ascend the rocks, not deigning to glance behind. Minnie called to him, and would have gone to his assistance, but he only half turned his head, feebly smiled, and hastened on his way. Then, half-borne by the waves, with little vitality save the power of an occasional stroke in the instinct of self preserva-

tion, came in a fainting and bruised form. His feet touched the shore, he staggered, and fell insensible.

Then Winifred's womanly instinct awoke. Calm and cold, as though she looked upon a strange form, she advanced, and, motioning to Minnie, the two girls drew it further on the sands, beyond the reach of the rising tide. Supernatural strength seemed to be given her. Minnie, despite her slight figure, long inured to hardship and a strain upon her muscular powers, proved no small help. Then they bent over him—these two young women of different birth and station, of different habits and education, yet one in a sisterhood of pure thought and feeling—these two women whom his admiration had shamed, his love would have injured. Winifred bound his forehead, from a wound in which the blood was streaming, with her neckerchief, loosened his neckcloth, and unfastened his waistcoat. Then, severely cold as ever, she placed her hand upon his heart; it beat still. Rising up, she threw her arms suddenly, with an uncontrollable impulse, round the girl beside her.

"Minnie," she said, "call your mother; I shall stay here. We must not alarm his sisters; one of them, you know, is very delicate. And—oh! God bless you, Minnie! you have saved me from myself—saved me, perhaps, from a life of misery with *him!*"

And thus deliverance came to Winifred down by the sea. Thus the prayer her aunt had taught her was answered, though she thought not of it.

And from the hill-top came borne to her a wild, wailing recitative—

"Wrecked! wrecked!
Out on the sea, down on the shore,
Never to come again—
Nevermore!"

Were Winifred's fairest hopes utterly wrecked? Would the belief in truth come back to her "nevermore"?

CHAPTER VIII.

DIVIDED LIVES.

"MISS LORNE—

"Well, Mr. Ruthin?"

"Winifred—"

"Well, Mr. Ruthin?"

"Why do you look at me so coldly? speak to me so strangely? or rather, you scarcely notice me at all."

"What do you wish?"

"What I had before; or more, far more than I had before. I want to know your love is mine."

"That you can never know."

"Never, Winifred? I thought there was a time when I might woo and win you—when I dared to hope you cared for me."

There was no answer. The silence emboldened Frank Ruthin to speak; it did more—it irritated, almost maddened him. What he deemed at first a mere girlish pique or fancy was assuming a real and terrible form; what he had most desired appeared to be slipping from his grasp. He had prized it when it seemed attainable; a thousand-fold more he prized it when there was a possibility of his losing it forever. His lip did not curl now; it was firmly set. He said to himself that he would not lose the prize

for which he strove, would not fall short of the goal when it appeared in view. This girl, for whose sake he was willing to forego all he had deemed pleasure, to win whom he had almost determined to struggle and be strong, to conquer himself and become worthy, should not cast his love aside and wreck his life. He would break down the barriers of reserve; it might only be some trifling misunderstanding. He was not without an inkling of the truth, however, for in some way (though how much she knew he could not tell) he connected her coolness with his light bantering with Minnie Connor. Perhaps the little fisher-girl had enlightened the young lady. Whatever it might be, he would come at the truth at once.

"Winifred," he said, in the calm, hard tone of concentrated feeling, "to win your love has been the one bright dream of my life; a hope that has led me on as no other has done or could do. One question I must ask: did you ever care for me?"

A flush mounted to Winifred's pale forehead, but she drew herself up and met his gaze with a steadfast, unflinching expression, though her eyes burned with a strange light. Her lips parted as if to speak, then quivered, and closed. But she was a brave girl; she set herself to say what was best to be said, and conquered.

"Yes," she said, slowly and distinctly, "I *did* care for you."

"And do still," he rejoined, eagerly pressing forward, and taking her hand in both his own. "You do still."

"I do not."

The tone conveyed far more than the words.

"What have I done to forfeit your regard? Winifred, this is some pique or womanly weakness unworthy of you. Winifred, my prize, my hope, my only love, what can I do to merit your affection? Only say you care for me, only promise to be my wife, and if it be in the power of man to shield the being he tenderly loves from harm, to make her life bright and happy with all that affection can render or procure, you need not fear for the future. Only say this, Winifred!"

"I can not say it, Frank Ruthin. I do not care for you."

He started as though he had been stung. As on the night when a train of thought led to a brief review of his own aimless life, he recoiled, as it were, from himself.

"Has any one maligned me to you?" he questioned, in hoarse tones. "Perhaps the little fisher-maid who lives on the rock has sought to while away her idle hours by idle tales. There are many such, who, without any evil intent, work much mischief by misrepresenting truth, or, more openly and boldly, venture on untruth."

He had spoken wittingly, only alluding to Minnie Connor as feeling his way, and testing Miss Lorne's information. When he had recovered consciousness by the sea-shore he found himself only attended by the widow and her daughter. Nobody told him Winifred had been there, and was gone. The fisher-girl withdrew without a word or look when she saw

he was sufficiently recovered to stand alone, and her mother, if she suspected the truth, did not in any way enlighten the young gentleman. His later surmise as to the cause of Winifred's displeasure was now to be speedily confirmed.

He had gone a step too far in supposing she could listen to idle tales, or hear one maligned in his absence. It was the last drop that caused the cup of indignation to overflow. She rose from her seat, holding the arm of her chair with a tight grasp, which forced back the blood from the slender fingers. Her eyes flashed with a fire which he had never before encountered, but her voice was clear and even cold, as she said,

"Do not so wrong the simple fisher-girl, Mr. Ruthin; you have vexed her enough already."

"How do you know that?" he returned, hastily. "Miss Lorne, listen to me; I never exchanged a word with this girl save to pay her a few idle compliments, such as any man may offer to any woman, young or old. Have you heard of them?"

Steadily Winifred looked upon him, then replied slowly—

"I heard every false word you uttered, and never again can trust in or believe you. I stood in the entrance of the cave ready to appear for the poor girl you annoyed, if need be. I do not, and never can love you."

Was this true? Was the image she had enshrined so easily effaced? the love all turned to bitterness? Yes, she had torn it from her heart, and wounded pride came to her assistance; but yet the pain was

great, and where that image had been was a sore place indeed.

In vain Frank Ruthin implored; the more impassioned he grew, the more composed she became. He felt terribly aggrieved. What had he done to warrant this summary dismissal? He was made "an offender for a word", and deemed wholly untrue. It was "unjust, unreasonable, unworthy," he argued; but not all the "uns" he could muster appeared to make the least impression on Miss Lorne, or moved her from her purpose. Quietly but decidedly she rejected his affection, and refused to link her fate with his.

At length he became angry; his vanity was wounded, his self-love assailed. In the power of his wrath Miss Lorne's influence over him began to wane, and she sank many degrees in his esteem. He even descended to taunting her indirectly with eaves-dropping—an accusation which she scorned to resent.

And so they parted. Over how many divided lives may this be written? Of how many, once closely allied in the bonds of friendship, or still closer tenderness, may it be said their paths, which once seemed to run together, and even mingle, became

> "Like broken clouds, or like the stream
> That, smiling, left the mountain's brow,
> As though its waters ne'er could sever;
> Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
> Breaks into floods, that part forever"?

To the surprise of the sisters, Winifred that even-

ing announced her intention of returning home immediately, as her mother must require her presence.

"And do not I require you?" exclaimed Louie, with a comic air. "My sister is too languid, my brother too sulky, and the parson too good to entertain me; so I could only wander alone, sighing sad strains to the sea-weed. Now, am I not a poetess?"

"It has a smooth sound," returned Winifred, smiling.

"Well, that is all the greater part of poetry can boast of," said Louie; "and when one does get hold of a bright idea, it only seems a sort of happy hit which might as well be made in prose."

After the diversion thus caused, Ethel turned to Winifred, and said gravely,

"Will you leave *me?*"

"There is no need," said Frank, looking up from a book he was reading, or pretending to read; "I return to town to-morrow."

These few words at once gave his sisters to understand his new relations with their friend. His admiration for her was no secret, and it was more than suspected that she returned his affection. Now, however, all was changed. Louie looked wonderingly from one to another; she was burning with curiosity to know all about it, yet did not venture to inquire, being, in spite of all her *badinage* and resistance, a little afraid of her brother, and still more of Winifred. Ethel glanced at them also, sighed wearily, closed her eyes, and with the action banished from her mind all attempt at a solution of the mystery.

That evening Winifred walked alone to Mrs. Connor's cottage. Minnie was not there, having gone, as usual, to meet Will Joyce on his return from fishing. The widow, who had learned the whole story of Mr. Ruthin's rude admiration of her daughter, on their return to the cabin, and interpreted aright the young lady's words and action, expressive of gratitude, rose to meet her visitor, kindly inviting her to enter and be seated.

"I came to see your daughter," Winifred began.

"I know it, miss. You spoke some words to-day that made her feel she had helped you in some way, without knowin' it, an' she is glad at heart for this, though sorry for being shamed."

"Shamed! Mrs. Connor?" Winifred exclaimed. "But for what has happened I never should have known your daughter's worth. For some reason or other, we ladies are apt to think those beneath us in birth and education have not the same pure feelings and sense of right which we have. I have learned differently to-day."

"Ah, my lady!" the widow said, "I think when we are true to ourselves we are true to others too. A good deed does not pass to one only, but to many, helpin' us to believe in our fellow-creatures, an' be patient an' strong an' right. Leastways, I am sure God follows a good act of any kind with His blessing, either in this world or the next."

"What a strange mind!" thought Winifred, as a train of reflection was awakened in her own. "Has she reasoned all this out for herself?" Then aloud: "You must lead a lonely life here."

"No, my lady, Minnie is as light an' happy as a bird, and I—" she paused; "have every thin'."

"Every thing!" echoed Winifred; "you must be a very happy woman. I, a lady, have nothing."

She spoke with a touch of bitterness, which Mrs. Connor perceiving, drew nearer.

"My dear young lady," she said, "forgive a faithful word from an old an' humble woman. I live in a hut on a wild, lone rock; our food is plain an' livin' coarse; but I see God is for me, or why did He give His Son out of heaven to die? An' if He is for me, so great an' good an' lovin', how can I really want for any thing? I may think I want many things, for I am as wake as the silly moth that flies into the candle, or the baby that cries for what would only sicken it; but God knows best, an' I am sure He would not keep back any thin' that is fittin'."

"It is a happy faith," sighed Winifred.

"Well you may say that, miss! Oh, dear lady, if you have trusted to any thin' that has disappointed you, be thankful! for mayhap God is goin' to give you somethin' better. When He takes any thin' away, you may be sure He is ready to fill the gap."

Winifred was silent for a long time; deep and strong emotion was working in her mind, and she had no one to whom to express it. If her Aunt Isabella were near she would have poured into her sympathetic ear the thoughts that troubled her. As it was, she felt wholly alone, and it is a terrible thing for the young to feel. It has sunk many to depths of misery which one shudders to contemplate. God might specially favor this poor woman, or in

her strange reasoning she might persuade herself He did, but He seemed very far off to the young lady, as He must to every soul who has not been brought nigh in Christ Jesus. Then suddenly there came into her mind a remembrance of what Mr. Archer had said, "This Man!" Oh, was there indeed a living, loving Person to whom no woe was light, and no burden unfelt which oppressed and tortured the poor, weak human heart? Might she—dared she go to Him with her trouble—with her coldness and insensibility?

The poor unlettered woman beside her possessed a secret, she knew, to which, with her superior advantages of birth and intellect, she might covet to attain. She would test its source.

"How can God love us when He makes our way dark, and our lives hard and bitter?" she asked, venturing the question that first occurred to her.

"It is because He loves us He does so, *a lanive*,"* was the brief reply. In her earnest desire to help the young lady, the Widow Connor addressed her as tenderly as if she were indeed a child. "We often choose somethin' that would work us a deal of harm if we got it, and the Lord won't give it to us, not for all our cryin'. Ye wouldn't put poison into the hand of a child because he asked for it, surely? An' then, agen, we often think a deal too much of what He does give us, and not at all of Himself, and so He takes it out of the way. It was so with me, at all events," and the woman turned her wistful gaze

---

* "My child."

seaward; "an' Minnie's father an' my fine boy lie under the white waves out yon."

"Better know they were there and remember them as true, than have them live and be false," broke out the young rebellious spirit.

"Ay, ay, miss, surely. God save us from falsehood! My young lady, there is such a thing as a sad undoing to many a fond wooing. If my Minnie was coorted by one who was not worthy of her, I had rather she found out his badness in time than marry him to her lifelong complaining; for be sure if her love didn't rise him an' keep him straight when he was her lover, it never would when he was her husband. Rather," and the woman spoke with fierce energy, "than see her the wife of the grand gentleman who offended her on the rocks to-day, I would follow my purty little girl to the grave."

Winifred could not reply, and soon after rose to leave. One impression was made on her mind by her conversation with Minnie Connor's mother—that she had an escape from a lifelong misery that day for which she should feel deeply thankful, and there was a love which could make her happy in spite of all earthly ill. For this love she now craved.

As she was returning she met Minnie clinging to the arm of a young sailor. He was tall, and strongly-built, and his bronzed face had a frank and honest expression, which augured well for the girl's future happiness. She smiled upon the young lady as they passed. Ah! she was happy; but from Winifred had gone the believing heart.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GAP FILLED.

WHEN Danny Connor turned away from the brow of the cliff, a thought which completely discomfited possessed his mind with overwhelming force, leaving him a prey to different emotions. He had brought sorrow upon her who was his ideal of all excellence, whose beauty rose before his dull perceptions like a radiant vision—too far to reach, yet not too far for its influence to be felt. No mere ordinary admiration—not a shadow of vain desire flitted across the poor lad's mind in connection with Miss Ruthin. She was to him "the bright particular star" which shone from heaven over his dark and lonely path, as a star pure and distant, yet cold as beautiful. And now he had injured her, imbittered her life, perhaps murdered her brother! As the thought grew upon him, poor Danny could have returned to the coast, and tenderly nursed the life of the man he hated—of the man who had affrighted and insulted the sister he loved. Poor Danny was in a sore strait.

He did the wisest thing that could occur to a sensible man under similar circumstances—he made a *confidante* of his mother. It was from him she learned the completion of the story which Minnie had in part related.

Mrs. Connor was not a little alarmed on her boy's account, fearing the treachery and vengeance of the so-called gentleman. All she could do was to counsel, exhort, command the lad to keep as much out of Mr. Ruthin's way as possible, secreting himself if necessary, rather than risk an encounter.

Happily, however, all this apprehension and caution was rendered needless by the sudden disappearance of the young gentleman from Cliffcoole. To Winifred Lorne as to the Widow Connor—two women so differently circumstanced—his absence was an inexpressible relief. Winifred never wavered in her decision; never relented in her hardness toward him. The dream of her youth was gone.

She was to be thoroughly humbled. To a proud, sensitive spirit like hers, the thought that she had been classed with other women, and loved by one too susceptible of other charms, caused every nerve to throb, and her cheeks to burn with impatience, shame, and anger. She could have struck at her own image as she saw it, fair and independent, reflected in a mirror. She not only despised her old lover, but despised herself for having been the object of his admiration. And yet while she despised she rose immeasurably above, and looked down at him from a pure altitude, as though she were breathing another air, and he groveling in the dust at her feet.

She grew calm at last, and, going to a window, looked forth. There slept the sea at a little distance, "like a cradled creature," sunlight breaking over its dancing ripples like smiles—the very emblem

of gladness. Not of unrest now, surely, but peace —deep, almost unbroken peace.

How did some words once heard, but long unheeded or forgotten, arise in her memory? Was it not a heavenly impulse?

"O that thou hadst harkened to My commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea."

She took up her Bible; it opened at the words—

> And this is His commandment, That we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as He gave us commandment. And he that keepeth His commandments dwelleth in Him, and He in him; and hereby we know that He abideth in us by the Spirit which He hath given us. (1 John iii., 24, 25.)

And falling upon her knees beside the casement, Winifred poured out her soul in one short petition—

"Lord, reveal Thyself to me!"

Of course that prayer was answered, for when did His gracious promise lack fulfillment? This was the secret of the deep peace which bathed her spirit in a profound calm, and stole over each sense like a powerful charm. It was nothing less than the charm of "a new birth". In that wondrous light she saw the truth Mr. Archer had earnestly endeavored to set forth—the precious truth that through this Man —the Saviour—God, the One who stooped to share our humanity, and touch the leper, who shrank not from the shameful vicarious death on Calvary—was preached unto her "the forgiveness of sins". Her thirsty soul—thirsty for the living springs at last—had reached the fountain of life.

She now knew that from its nature, every thing

else was unsatisfying to an immortal spirit. She was young, and had been full of hope; but even before God allowed the cup of earthly happiness to be taken from her lips, she felt a need of something as yet beyond her reach. Not till "weary and worn and sad", did she recognize what that something was.

Heaven-born longing, heaven-born supplies alone can meet it. Who ever so longed and was sent unsatisfied away? Not one.

Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink. (John vii., 37.)

For with Thee is the fountain of life.

The gap in Winifred's heart was filled; the gap of which the poor woman had spoken. Never again could an aching void be there; never again an idol enshrined. "The expulsive power of a new affection" was realized; the love of Christ made room for itself, and filled her soul with a glad sense of liberty—a deep, sweet sense of rest.

Long time Winifred remained in her chamber; she could not bear to leave it. She felt what the Christian poet has so well expressed—

"I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm
And break the charm,
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast
In perfect rest."

From that moment she did not stand alone. With new life, new hopes and affections were awakened in her breast. She knew instinctively who among her acquaintance were one with her in Christ, and

thought of them with peculiar tenderness. Her aunt, Mrs. Connor, Mr. Archer, of these she had no doubt. She envied the latter his holy boldness and faithfulness; but then, as a minister, an open confession of Christ was expected of him. Side by side with regard for these servants of her newly-found Lord and Master sprang up a yearning pity for those who knew Him not, and missed the blessing which had come to her. Especially from that moment was one upon her heart—her friend and companion, the beautiful and careless Ethel Ruthin. Who has not felt that—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever?"

It seemed strange to Winifred, as to others, that so much loveliness could fade and pass away into the dark unknown. For herself, she knew now that brightness lay beyond this passing scene, but for her friend—? Yes, Winifred had a work directly given her by God, to tend, and, with earnest prayer, "watch for the soul" of this young creature, who, hard as it was to believe it, she felt persuaded was fading away from earth. How thankful she was now that she had not left Cliffcoole in her mortification and despair. How plainly she saw a Father's guiding care in Frank Ruthin's removal (as she had no doubt he was influenced for her good), leaving her at liberty to remain with his sister.

Thankful for her escape from the thrall of an affection which would have dragged her down and held her tied to earth; thankful for her escape from a union subversive of her best interests, and in which

spirit could never blend with spirit in full communion, the girl looked upward, and rejoiced.

Yes, the gap was filled!

"Winifred," said Ethel, one evening, as she reclined on her cushions, "I am growing weary of this scene —all sea and sky."

"And rocks and distant shipping," added Winifred, with a smile.

"I can't bear the rocks!" returned Ethel, pettishly. "I always feel as if I were tumbling down them; and the shipping is suggestive of storms."

"There are descents as dangerous and wrecks as dire in life," said Winifred, gravely. "It were wise to avoid them."

"Cease moralizing, Winifred dear. I am too weary for the poet's madness."

"But not for the Christian's sanity," was the calm reply.

"Rest!" returned Ethel, dreamily. "After all, mere rest is a poor thing. When my cough is troublesome, and I am very tired, I only desire to lie down quietly; but I look at the young fisher-girl, or Louie with her high spirits, bounding from rock to rock, dashing out into the surf as it rushes madly in, or tossing idly on the water in a boat, and think what a glorious thing is life. Oh, to be well, and glad, and strong! This slow, wearisome existence of mine is not worth having; it is slow dying, not living."

She spoke with unusual vehemence; never, indeed, had she manifested such emotion; and Winifred, though astonished, was pleased to find her mind thus exercised, her heart avowedly unsatisfied. She was

about to reply, when a knock was heard at the door and Mr. Archer announced. Winifred was thankful for this interruption, and determined to lead the conversation again to what had gone before.

"We were considering whether the mere thought of rest has as much charm for the young as for the more advanced in life, the sorrowful, worn-out, and weary," she began, when the first greetings were over.

"I do not think it has," he replied; "it is to those 'who labor and are heavy-laden' the promise is dear. There is one thought, however, which has wondrous power for all—the possession of life. Spiritual life in the soul through simple faith in the Son of God, connecting us with Him, and born in us by His Holy Spirit, secures and fits us for eternal life hereafter, when body, as well as spirit, shall be glorified, and every sense employed in a service of endless joy."

"You do not, then, think eternal life a present possession?" asked Winifred, anxiously.

"I do, indeed," he said, meeting her look with one of extreme interest. "I am sure it is a present possession. This spiritual life is not only an earnest, it is eternal life begun, a communication from the Lord Himself, which has a beginning in us, but never can have an ending."

Winifred was silent, but there was a light in her face which he read aright.

"It is a great possession," he continued. "Well may it be said—

"'He lives who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside.'

You know this?"

"Yes," answered Winifred, in a low but decided tone.

Ethel looked from one to the other in a manner expressive of surprise. Then she spoke:

"Too many of us live at a poor dying rate, yet none of us wish to 'shuffle off this mortal coil'. Why has the state you extol so few charms?"

"Simply because 'the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; they are foolishness unto him.' You can not create a spiritual appetite; you can not even awaken an anxious thought. A sense of need must be begun in the soul by the same mighty Power which alone can meet it."

"So we have nothing to do but wait until an overpowering impulse comes upon us?" inquired Ethel, satirically.

"That would be wresting Scripture to our own destruction," he answered, gravely. "It does not warrant us so to do. God expects us as reasonable creatures to provide for eternity, and as fallen creatures to seek pardon at His hands and restoration to His favor through faith in the atonement of His Son."

"What do you call faith?" was Ethel's next question.

"Simply taking God at His word, and resting in His promise. How can we, who have so little here below, and whose spirits can not be satisfied with the poor things of earth, refuse His proffered mercy?"

"We are never satisfied,"

Ethel was in a strange mood this even, and spoke with strange vehemence.

"I know it," he said, drawing his chair nearer, and bending over her; "we can not be. Our immortal spirits can not be fed with husks, and never grow weary in a vain search after earthly happiness. How blessed to have a portion which can never fail us!"

"That portion I have not," sighed Ethel Ruthin to herself, but she did not express the thought aloud; "and if—if—health and strength should never be mine again, I need it much."

Looking up suddenly, she met Mr. Archer's gaze. As by the sea-shore, it was bent on her with a gentle, grave pity, not devoid of tenderness. A thrill went through the girl's heart, and her woman's nature was awakened as it had never been before. Winifred, too, saw and read that look aright. There was danger for him in this involuntary homage to mere beauty—danger in his kindly interest. Youth and beauty may fade, and feelings can deepen in intensity until they make the sum of life's hope and bliss.

And Ethel—yes, at last she was awakened to a sense of need, and would have the gap in *her* heart filled.

CHAPTER X.

OUT OF THE DEEP.

WINIFRED did not return home; she felt, in her newly-found love and pity, that her place was beside her friend then; and if, as she feared, life was failing, might she not minister to her to the last? Winifred knew she had an influence over Ethel—the influence a strong mind has over a weak one. This might be used for good.

A few lines in a letter to her aunt revealed the state of her mind, and was a cause of deep thankfulness to that good lady. They were these:

I think the prayer you taught me has been answered. Do you remember it?

It was remembered.

Seed may not have been sown in vain because it lies a long time in the ground without germinating. "Thou shalt find it after many days," is the promise.

In God's purposes of love and mercy He weaves circumstances together, like tangled skeins and fragments, into a web which shall shine with heaven's light through the power of truth long unheeded, or prayer perhaps forgotten.

Mr. Archer was a constant visitor at the Ruthins', and devised many plans for the amusement of the young ladies, ever watchful of Ethel's health and

comfort. One day he announced that his sister and younger brother were expected to visit him. Winifred was pleased at the prospect of having a suitable companion in the sister; Louie, in the brother. Ethel alone complained, in a pettish manner, after the clergyman was gone, that new acquaintances were a bore, and she did not feel equal to forming new friendships.

That evening the girls sat in the murky twilight until the shades grew deeper and denser, and at last darkness covered the earth. Then one by one the stars came glimmering through the dim vault of heaven, like precious promises in seasons of adversity, tokens of God's presence where all besides is gloom. There had been "a stiff breeze" during the day, and now the harbor was full of shipping. One by one they hung out their lights, until, wherever the eye turned, the bosom of the dark water was illumined; in their midst was a deep red beacon over a sunken rock, and far away, beyond the entrance to the harbor, stood out boldly the lighthouse on its rocky fastness, turning its warning gleam on all sides.

"What a glorious panorama!" exclaimed Ethel, with interest.

"As this quiet seaside scene appears favorable to reflection, I was thinking it was like life," answered Winifred.

"How?"

"Each bark with its freight of hopes and fears, immortal souls and failing bodies, is tossing at the mercy, as it seems, of wind and tide. Even so we

also are swayed by circumstances; yet each should have a light hung out."

"And that light? Finish the simile," Louie retorted, smartly.

"A witness for the Lord who loves us," was the low but decided reply.

"How can we have that?" asked Ethel.

"By having the light in our own souls first; then I suppose it would be reflected as it is this moment from the dark water, shining out through us as mediums, pure and clear."

"But how could we have that light within?" again questioned Ethel.

"By believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. I know no other way."

"I always thought I believed," returned Ethel, almost in a whisper; "I took it for granted. But now when I try I can't."

"Don't try."

"What then?"

"Only believe. Don't try to work up a faith; if you did, you might trust in and make a Saviour of it. 'This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent.' Rest on the promise, trust in the proffered mercy, accept the atonement, the more simply and unquestioningly the better."

There was a long pause; Ethel turned her gaze from the dark water, with its living freight, and covered her eyes with her hand. Louie thought she was tired, but Winifred marked her breath come thick and fast as with a sudden emotion. None but

the Almighty Father who was looking out for His returning child heard the timid confession, "Lord, I believe! help Thou mine unbelief".

There was a profound silence during the next half hour. In that brief interval "a mist came up out of the sea" and rolled on to one side of the harbor, thus leaving it only partially illuminated. Then the stars began to wane and wax dim in the heavens, and there was a solemn eclipse. It was chilling and depressing. They watched the mist as it spread like a pall over the face of the deep, bounding their view and blotting out all beauty.

Louie hummed a verse of "The Sands o' Dee".

"Hush, Louie, how can you?" said Ethel reprovingly.

"Can't you fancy you hear 'the harbor-bar moaning' through the gloom?" was the retort of the gay girl, whom nothing seemed to depress.

At that moment a hoarse shout came from the water just opposite the quiet watchers, and, as it seemed, near the shore.

"Reverse!" was the deep warning; but the words, "You are right into us!" were not audible to the eager listeners.

There was the noise of paddles reversed and battling fiercely with the tide; after it loud cries for help, and a confused murmur of many voices. Winifred, throwing a shawl over her head, rushed out, followed by Louie, in wild excitement, while Ethel sprang up and clung breathlessly to the casement. As the girls ran toward the rocks, two men passed them; one knocked against Winifred, and turning,

even in the hurry, to touch his cap, she recognized Will Joyce.

"What has happened?" was the anxious inquiry.

"A boat has been run down by the river steamer. They may have had a light out, but it was not seen in the fog; leastways, the steamer should have rung her bell," was the hasty answer.

"Was any one in the boat?"

"In coorse, miss! but how many we can't tell."

They could not; but from all quarters came the sound of boats being unmoored and pushed off. Hoarse cries resounded; strange directions, afterward countermanded; then the voice, as of one in authority, on the shore, answered by another from the steamer, which had stood by, rendering every assistance in her power.

"How many have been picked up?"

"Three."

"How many supposed to be on board?"

And the sad reply fell like a chilling blow upon the listeners' hearts—

"The men say 'seven'."

Then came the sound of oars dipping into the water in all directions—long, heavy, sullen splashes; otherwise all was still.

No voice was raised among the anxious searchers; it was a dull, heavy, hopeless quest, in the dull, heavy, hopeless gloom.

Winifred and Louie were now the center of a group of frightened women, straining every nerve to catch some word of hope, some token of another rescue; but no such came. Minnie Connor was with them,

and her knowledge of the sea and its casualties supplied much information respecting the boat which had been run down. A fishing-smack, it was apparent to all, with seven men on board, and four were missing. Four missing—perhaps four even then in their death-struggle—lost in nature's mysterious gloom because they could discern no light, heard no warning sound!

Weary, sad, mourning for the lost beneath the wave, and for the ruined hearths and desolate hearts at home, Winifred, Ethel, and even the erewhile gay and thoughtless Louie, now thoroughly depressed, at last retired to rest.

Some were gone beyond the hope of rescue—some were saved!

And that very night, where all seemed fair and the world looked not for wreck, out of the deep was brought one undying soul. From nature's ruin and alienation, Ethel Ruthin was called into the sunshine of God's favor. She knew her sin was pardoned and put away; she knew her soul had been redeemed at a mighty cost. "Out of the deep" she called upon God, and was brought "out of darkness into His marvelous light". It was a joyful event to her, but mingled ever with the recollection of it was a mourning for those who, without due warning, were ushered into eternity, and for the homes that night left desolate.

CHAPTER XI.

SWEET COUNSEL.

SOME people walk into love with their eyes open. Some people creep into it, as it were, hesitating at every step, perhaps half wishing to flee. Others sink into it as into somnolence, under the influence of a narcotic, while too many fall the victims of an unworthy passion as they would tumble into some dread abyss. The greater number, however, slip, or slide, or dance, or tumble into it in a merry, unthinking manner, flinging pretty speeches at one another in play as children might do roses, and never discerning to what serious consequences it all tends. Of the latter were Louie Ruthin and Charlie Archer, the vicar's brother.

Young people who so readily fall in, often as readily fall out. Louie Ruthin never could exist in a still atmosphere. The wave of the ocean was not more changeful in its play than was her light spirit. Graceful, yet volatile; variable, yet attractive; she led young Archer captive indeed, and by her pretty *insouciant* air and exacting ways, as well as the very inconstancy of her moods, kept alive his affection.

They could scarcely have helped it, situated as they were. Daily thrown together, each looked upon the society of the other as a relief from *ennui*, and

the presence of a lively and agreeable companion did much to heighten the enjoyment of both.

Miss Archer proved a most desirable companion. Several years older than her brother, intelligent and lady-like, she never exacted too much attention, but always studied the comfort and pleasure of others. The pleasant seaside party, with its absence of restraint and happy lack of conventionalities, was further augmented by the presence of "Aunt Isabella", who came at the humble request of Mr. Ruthin (nothing loth to escape the dry details of a poor economy) to matronize the young ladies during Master Frank Ruthin's voluntary absence in town.

How delightfully the next few weeks passed away! Such rides, and drives, and boating parties! Many a time, with Will Joyce and Danny Connor to trim their boat and arrange the fishing-lines, they sailed far out beyond the entrance of the harbor, and secured a large quantity of fish. Sometimes a stream of moonlight silvered the calm tide as their light oars were dipped into it on returning, but this was not often, as all were willing to curtail their own pleasure rather than keep Ethel in the open air when the dews began to fall. Ethel, however, seemed truly to have imbibed new life and vigor, as was predicted. She brightened into an animation she had never before evinced; and as a development of spiritual life aided physical restoration, the supineness of her nature seemed in a great measure corrected and overcome. Life appeared, after her long season of delicacy and inertness, opening before her at last fair and beautiful, with nothing to dim its

light or hinder usefulness. Poor Danny, in these long bright excursions upon the water, often gazed furtively upon her with a sort of secret awe, as if she was already a glorified saint, while one was ever by her side, who, recognizing her weakness—the weakness of failing humanity—yet respected it, while sympathizing with the better, nobler impulses awakened in her heart. Thus friendships were formed, and affections kindled, which might make existence indeed blessed. Were they to outlive the storms as well as calm of life? Or to rush, and dash, and sever, as the wavelets which danced, and wooed, and kissed the shore, receding ever?

The bright summer passed away as no other had done for the young people there assembled, and Mr. Archer needed not to say he loved the beautiful and fragile creature who was the center of attraction to all; but every motion, even when he did not look toward her, showed it. She knew and felt it, perhaps, even better than he did; and Winifred knew it too.

"Billie," said the latter one day, as she was walking with her aunt, "do you think grace altogether changes our characters, so that they lose their distinctive features? that it overturns nature, as it were?"

"Indeed, I am sure it does not do all that, my dear," Miss Freeman answered. "I think characters as well as faces have their features, and will have through all eternity. So God deals with each of us differently. I am not clever, you know, and what would be a temptation to others I might scarcely

feel. You may be higher in His school, and have to learn different lessons from those I am taught. As this difference of gift and character fits each for his or her place in the church below, so I love to think it will be in the church above. It will not be like a garden all planted with roses or lilies, but there will be different flowers as well as colors."

Here Mr. Archer met and joined them, and, after a short interruption, the former subject of conversation was resumed.

"Is not our distinctive character the effect, or, rather, sad result of circumstances?" Winifred asked.

"Undoubtedly, in part," Mr. Archer replied; "but remember, circumstances are God's opportunities for putting into practice what we have learned in our lesson-book—His Word. Experience is the lesson got *by heart*. Mary, who sat at Jesus's feet, probably had naturally a contemplative disposition, which circumstances favored, while Martha found in the presence of her divine Master an occasion for her busy energies. It was not Peter's impulsive character grace altered, it was the self-confidence which grew out of it like an ugly excrescence on a noble tree. The gentle, loving John, happily resting on his Lord's bosom, became in Patmos the mighty seer before whom, while he was quiescent, passed the wondrous visions of the Revelation."

Winifred thought over this afterward. Like all active people, she had very little sympathy with want of energy—made little allowance for it, in short, save as a result of physical weakness. Now, how-

ever, she began to feel a sympathy with, almost an admiration for, the quiet contemplative disposition which succeeded to the partial animation, of which we have spoken, in her friend Ethel Ruthin. It was as different as grace from nature, from her former selfish indolence; yet grace and nature combined to produce it.

A voice was now heard coming up the glen crooning rather than singing a verse or two of a simple hymn.

"Who is teaching Danny?" he asked, smiling. "Is he to be a Protestant in more than name?"

Winifred looked for an explanation.

"You are sending him on his way through these rocks and dells—a witness for Christ," he replied. "Think of how many travelers these strains may reach who would not otherwise receive the burden of his song."

"You make too much of my simple effort. I dare not look for such grand results."

"'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it,'" he rejoined. "We shall not fail to ask God's blessing on the simplest work we undertake for Him."

Winifred was silent, and he went on—

"Nothing is small; it is not singly and alone we can view any work, or isolate events. Each hinges one upon another, each opens one out of another, each acts one with the other to bring about God's purposes in providence and grace. Light and shade, time and space, effort and effect, are the warp and woof with which the great Author and Finisher of our being, as of our faith, carries out His designs,

Little services done for His name's sake, like tiny bits of mosaic, insignificant in themselves, yet tinged with celestial light, are fitted into their place by a Master hand, and combine to produce a marvelous result. I weary you?" he added, inquiringly.

"No," said Winifred, "you have made me think."

CHAPTER XII.

FADING AND DEATHLESS.

HAVE you ever nursed a flickering light which seemed ready to die out at any moment, and, as it received something especially invigorating as fresh food, and a new direction, seen it spring up into sudden warmth and strength and beauty, to be all the more quickly extinguished? The momentary impetus seems only to have exhausted its failing powers, which less taxed might have lasted longer, and quickly it is gone. Have you ever taken a bird from a gloomy prison and hung it up in the warm sunshine, where it sang its little life away? Have you ever turned aside the course of a stream, and found that it had dried up when you expected it to flow more freely? Have you ever transferred a delicate plant from one of nature's dells to a well-trimmed garden, and seen it wither in the clearer soil? So with all fair and changeful things. So with the life of the beautiful and cherished Ethel Ruthin. Could that be renewed in its grace and power? or was it to be all the more quickly extinguished for the happy influence and impetus it had received? Was it soon to be lost in the dark

shadow of the grave? and was death, with its icy finger, beckoning her away from earth?

> "Youth and the opening rose
> May seem like things too glorious for decay,
> And smile at thee; but thou art not of those
> Who wait for ripened bloom to seize their prey."

A cloud, scarcely a coldness, had arisen between Ethel and Winifred. To the latter it did not assume a tangible form; nevertheless its chilling influence was felt. It is sad when paths which have long lain in the same direction are divided; when those who have climbed "the sunny slopes and breezy heights" of life together, are separated by circumstances. Sadder still is the alienation of the heart; but saddest of all is when division or dissension arises between two who are linked in one heavenly bond, and who have eternity to pass together in their Father's house above. Ah me! as with the worldling even so with the Christian; a word, a look is sometimes enough to cause a breach which ruder words, or sullen restraint, or proud indifference but serves to widen. There is but one remedy for this also. The poet has said—

> "Then draw we nearer day by day,
> Each to his brethren, all to God."

Perhaps it might better be, "Each to his God, brother to brother". "In Thy light shall we see light." In the light of love we shall trace excellence in those from whom we have been for some time estranged, to win our hearts once more; while envy would only detect the black spots. In the realized preciousness of the love of Christ all icy

barriers between brethren thaw, and heart meets heart in glad response and full communion again.

The sunlight was glinting over the water, the wavelets dancing in gentle measured motion beneath its influence as though there were music as well as gladness in its beams. All nature looked fresh and fair, and Ethel and Winifred, each imagining she had left a secret trouble at "the throne of grace", yet each, as so many pilgrims, old and young, are wont to do, with strange inconsistency taking up the burden once more and nursing their discontent, sat listening to the lullaby which might well soothe to rest every impatient feeling. Quietly, almost in a whisper, Ethel spoke at last, looking away from her friend, so that her face could not be seen.

"Winifred, he loves me."

No need to name him; there was but one to whom the pronoun could refer.

"I knew it," returned Winifred, gladly.

Ethel turned, and looked full into her companion's face.

"I have often thought he was more fitted for you," she said doubtfully.

"He does not think so himself," was Winifred's ready reply. But though she gave it with a laugh, her cheek was flushed.

Yet there was not a shade of regret, not the least evidence of disappointment in the steady, cheerful tones. One more suggestion Ethel's vain, foolish, unsatisfied woman's heart would throw out ere it was quieted.

"He might one day have thought so."

"Not likely," exclaimed Winifred, with a pretty, willful air, which she seldom assumed, but which became her well.

Who could have guessed that a feeling such as Frank Ruthin had never awakened, was crushed down into her heart? It would not be banished with the echo of that light laugh. No, it must not stir, or assert itself. "Hers was to be a lonely path," Winifred had often said to herself; "the heritage of woe" indeed. But she was strong; yes, she was strong.

And so the estrangement was at an end, and the cloud passed away from between the friends and from Ethel's heart, and before her brightened a fair future. Winifred, too, now knew what it had been. Each thought she read the other aright. Ah! what, or whom do we read aright? A face may smile while a spirit is heavy, and a laugh ring out while the heart is moaning. Over the troubled wave outside the sheltered bay, and over the grave of buried love, the sunshine streamed that day; but were the billows smoothed to glass by the brightness, or were the graves less there because of their surface gilding?

"Winifred dear," sighed Ethel, in such a tone of contentment it seemed like the cooing of a young dove, "I once thought you and Frank cared for each other."

"We may have done so a little once; it was my first fancy, but would not answer now. It is best as it is."

"I hope he won't break his heart."

Winifred answered by humming—

"We mend broken china, torn lace we repair ;
But we sell broken hearts cheap in Vanity Fair."

"Don't be satrical, Winifred," laughed Ethel ; "it is a great thing to win love."

"A good man's love."

Directly she said this, Winifred regretted it. She cast a reflection thereby on her friend's brother. Ethel, however, too happy in her own reflections, did not notice it, but went on, softly :

"God make me worthy of it ! Winifred, I knew Horace loved me for a long time. I read it, you know, as I think every woman can ; but still, I longed to hear it. It is so sweet to receive the assurance of what one most desires. He was a long time without declaring it in words, for he feared agitating me ; and, perhaps, his anxiety magnified my illness, and made him think me more delicate than I really am. Only last night all that he had been trying to suppress came out—I can not tell how. Oh, I am so happy !"

And for excess of joy, Ethel covered her face and wept.

"I don't know why he cared for me," she whispered. "How can I ever keep his great love ?"

Winifred said what first occurred to her :

"Ethel, darling, you know you are fair."

"But beauty will fade."

"Ay ; but your love is based on what is deathless."

How was it that two words lingered in the minds of each in the pause that ensued ? Two strange

trains of thought were awakened. They were "fading" and "deathless". Even as they seemed to be sounded in their ears, a voice was heard from the brow of the cliff singing the sad refrain to which we have before listened—

"Beneath the cliffs a flower grew;
None so daring, none so daring
As to pluck that flower blue —
None so daring.
But the wild winds whistled nigh,
But the wild spray dashed on high,
Came to see the flower die ;
Were they daring ?"

"I do not like that song," said Ethel with a shiver. "Do you believe in presentiments, Winifred?"

"I do," returned Winifred, evasively; "I have a presentiment of a very happy future for you."

Ethel gave her friend a grateful look, and, taking her arm, turned her steps homeward, seeking the easiest ascent. Her heart was too full for speech just then, though hope had revived.

But the light was failing, but the bird had well-nigh sung its last, but the stream of life was drying up, but the rose was fading.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOREVER.

"IT is a foolish love-affair," soliloquized Miss Archer, "a very foolish affair. I thought Horace had more sense. The girl is certainly pretty enough for any one; no one can help loving her, for the matter of that; but there is a difference between love and love—between love and marriage. What does a clergyman want with a sickly wife? How can he be without carefulness, I'd like to know, when a dear lovely creature is lying on her sofa not able to make a pudding, or sew a button on a shirt? He will have to nurse her, humor her sick fancies, inculcate patience, and even direct her thoughts aright; and that not in a short clerical visit now and then, but as an everyday duty. Dear me! as if the cares of a parish were not enough to bear! Clergymen and doctors are a sort of common property, and expected to be receptacles of their people's or patients' woes. Well, I was foolish not to have guarded in some way against this. I might at least have suggested that her delicacy of course precluded her from being the wife of an earnest man, whose duties carried him from home; but I thought all his care was for her soul's interests. Ah dear! there's no trusting even the best of men; and Horace certainly is *the* best."

And with this conclusion in walked the Reverend Horace.

Miss Archer began the attack at once.

"Horace, I am going to lecture you."

"For what, my dear Jane?"

"You have acted imprudently."

"How, my dear Jane?"

"Now, Horace, like a good, good brother, be grave. You have fallen in love."

"A grave matter, indeed! Did you think I was more than mortal?"

"I thought you were a sensible man."

"And I have proved I am not?"

"I did not exactly say that; but, Horace, is it well for a clergyman, of all persons on earth, to marry a delicate girl? A doctor might choose, for he might be able to cure her; but can she be a help-meet for you?"

Mr. Archer was grave enough now.

"My dear sister, Ethel is manifestly gaining strength every day. I never saw any one who rallied so quickly, or whose health improved as hers has done. I trust she may soon be as active and useful as even you could wish."

Miss Archer was silent. Her attack had failed, but, like a wise woman, she held her peace, though still, as it were, standing her ground.

"Don't you think so?" her brother asked, abruptly, having waited in vain for a reply.

"I hope so," was the rejoinder, more truthful than satisfactory.

He ventured no more; perhaps he had an instinctive dread of drawing forth her real opinion.

"It is too late for regrets," he said, "and, pardon me, dear sister, they are out of place. I believe I have acted rightly before God; at all events, I tried to be true to Him in being true to her and to myself."

Miss Archer was effectually silenced, and, if unconvinced, seeing advice was unavailing, rather regretted having spoken. As if to draw off the conversation without exactly turning it off, Mr. Archer asked:

"Now, tell me what you think are necessary qualifications for a minister's wife?"

Miss Archer mused for awhile, and rejoined:

"First—and most essential—she should be 'spiritually-minded, which is joy and peace,' able gently to lead others to the Saviour; secondly, she should have robust health; thirdly, a tender woman's heart and quick sympathy; fourthly, an active, energetic spirit; fifthly, a quiet mind."

"Stay," exclaimed her brother; "is there not a contradiction here?—say, 'manner'."

"No," returned Miss Archer, "mind; I was coming to the manner."

Mr. Archer gave a quick nod of comprehension and assent. His sister read his approval.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Archer and Ethel sat by the sounding sea, the murmur of their voices blending with nature's monotone.

"Horace," whispered Ethel, half like a frightened

child, afraid of the sound of her own voice, "is not life with love most blessed?"

"In the highest sense, my dearest, yes."

"You mean love in Christ."

"I do; all other is poor in comparison. Ours is forever."

There was a power and joy in the last words. Yes, she was his beyond the possibility of separation.

"Horace"—Ethel, with her childish timidity, had all a woman's pride in being able to use the name so freely—"I often wonder whether you would have loved me if—if—"

"If God had not made you His own, you mean. I do not think I should."

For a moment she looked disappointed. Perhaps it was not in nature to indulge the thought that in herself she was not an object for his love. She had been so petted and admired that, without any unusual degree of vanity, she had an assurance of the power of her beauty, which only grace could soften or subdue.

He lifted the clouded face.

"I would have resisted the influence of all natural gift and charm," he said, with a smile. "I did so. Only when I felt that a union would not be impossible I allowed myself to love you."

"Your feelings are well under control; I am afraid of you."

"Not under my control," he replied, with a smile. "Do not be afraid of me, but place yours under the same restraint."

"And that is?"

"The ruling of our Father in heaven. But for His control, our feelings would run away with us like wild horses, and our judgment be lost in vain desire."

"Do you think God takes the control or oversight of every thing belonging to us—even to the ruling of our secret thoughts?"

"I believe 'the sailing of a cloud hath Providence to its pilot', and the awakening of a holy desire or heavenly affection must come of grace. Are we not taught to pray, 'Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit'"?

"It is a blessed faith—a blessed faith, to trust in wise ordering and loving guiding," sighed the girl; "it rests one so much."

"I thought you scarcely valued—that is, longed for rest."

"I do long for it now, more every day: for, somehow, the old sense of weariness has not quite passed away."

He looked at her anxiously, but with a sidelong gaze, which he did not wish her to perceive.

"Horace, if God had not revealed His Son to me, would our union have indeed been impossible?" she questioned again.

"No, not impossible; sin is too easy," he returned, gravely.

"Oh, you surely would not call it sin?—that is going too far!" she exclaimed, for the first time in their acquaintance a shade of real displeasure crossing her fair face.

His only reply was to draw forth his pocket Testament, and read—

"'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness?' Only in the Lord, is the rule."

Ethel was silent, but she began to perceive that her companion had one rule of life as of faith, and this was his Father's will. She was a little afraid of him, as she had said, and yet never respected or admired him as much as she did now when, by his own acknowledgment, she would have been in herself far off from him, and deemed—no, not unworthy, but not within reach of his love. She felt how blessed it is to have some one to lean upon who is upheld by an Arm which can not fail, and strengthened with a strength which is more than human.

Ah, without this, earthly affection is but "a broken reed", too often piercing the hand that trustingly leans upon it.

But Ethel Ruthin's and Mr. Archer's were not without this, and as he folded his arms around her. he whispered—

"Mine; my own forever!

CHAPTER XIV.

GOING DOWN.

BENEATH the treacherous deep fair barks had gone down. Perhaps the warm sun had smiled upon them, glad and bright, as they started on their seaward course full of promise, and "the waves came around them with murmur and song". Who could tell that ruin and desolation were in that course? Who felt that a mighty struggle or a terrible death awaited them? Ah, me! there are wrecks indeed, as solemn on land as by sea, and to a wide pit of ruin, the darkness of a wasted life and hopeless eternity, souls and bodies of men and women are going down.

And from a low alehouse, a miserable locality where were fish-wives and their mates, bronzed sailors from all ports, with the dishonoring habits of every clime upon them, Frank Ruthin, who for some unexplained reason had returned to Cliffcoole, the so-called gentleman, was also going down.

One vile passion enslaved him. He ever loved the wine-cup, and sat long at his father's plentiful board; but an affection for a pure and noble woman, more than any thing else, led him to curb his tastes, and hindered its indulgence. When he came to Cliffcoole he had once been overcome by it at a convivial party, but he had sense enough left to keep his own room for several hours rather than appear in Miss

Lorne's presence. He then sought the evil locality we have mentioned, in order to secure aid for a miserable raid on one who had offended him, and, of course, had his mistaken liberality commended, his exploits extolled. How far he must have sunk when, with his natural gifts and refinement, he could take pleasure in the flattery of the low herd who were all animal!

The only heroism their minds could conceive was a sort of rugged endurance and daring, incidental to their condition. Frank Ruthin had the elements of the latter in him, and thus became the object of their admiration; and he was willing to spend an hour or two in their company, gradually gaining an ascendency over them, of which he was to take advantage by and by. Yes, in more ways than one, Master Frank was going down.

He was seldom now with the young ladies; indeed, since the days of the *rencontre* on the shore, he kept aloof from their society as much as possible. To Winifred this was a relief, and yet she felt sorry to remark that he was evidently changed for the worse. Invariably gloomy and sullen, he only spoke to his sisters to cavil and complain; and, disagreeable as his satire had ever been, his sneer was now almost diabolical. Scarcely with the invalid Ethel was his ill-humor restrained, and only Mr. Archer's constant presence proved her protection. But Miss Lorne and Louie had now seen him return home evidently intoxicated, and felt that, had not Miss Freeman formed one of their party, they should have shortened their stay at Cliffcoole.

It was a dark still night. Mr. Archer had been visiting a family at the very outskirts of his parish, far seaward from Cliffcoole. Another visitor had also been there; and though the doors were closed, and though the place was lonely, the angel of death, which enters unbidden into the most crowded haunts as well as isolated homes, had called thence the head and bread-winner of the family. He was a chief officer of the coastguards, being carried off by rapid decline; and the minister of God sat patiently beside his bed, holding the wasted hand in his, as he told of a Saviour's love.

"Ah! but my life!" groaned the dying man, as memory tided him back over long years of selfseeking, without one thought of "the God who rules on high", whose wonders met him ever on the face of the deep, and whose great mercy in the gift of His Son was revealed in the Word.

"The death of Christ atones," was the earnest answer. "'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"

"All! Did you say *all?*" was the faint but eager rejoinder.

"God says 'from *all*'."

"Then, let them go in a big lump—in one black heap," was the last gasp, broken by a sob of true repentance.

"At evening-time it shall be light," thought the clergyman; and when, some hours afterward (having stayed with the bereaved family as long as he could, breathing words of holy comfort), he walked slowly home, these words kept ringing in his ears like

a solemn yet happy chime. His road lay on the side of a steep incline and mere pathway, where a stumble might be dangerous; but he knew it well, and trod it quietly and fearlessly. He had some miles to go along a narrow channel into which the tide ran. It was now out, and a broad border of mud and seaweed was fast disappearing, while a dark object stood up glooming in the midst. It was a cluster of huge stones or bowlders, forming a rocky islet, where the sea-birds nestled and multiplied, in spite of the raids of the boys of the neighborhood. He gazed out into the gloom. In the uncertain light, all was bare and uninteresting, but his heart was glad. A soul had gone safely home to God; and, oh, joy! what he most coveted had been given to him—it had been led homeward by his hand.

As he advanced beyond the mud-line and reached the shingles once more, a low and prolonged whistle met his ears. There was nothing in the sound to alarm, and yet it at once arrested his attention, and, he could scarcely tell why, he instinctively drew back. At the other side of the path was a gradual slope covered with gorse and low brushwood. Upon this he threw himself, awaiting a repetition of the sound.

Five—ten minutes passed! He gazed up at the solemn sky with its dark veil covering the brilliant stars until they shone through one by one, and then between him and the horizon, where was a rising light heralding the moon's approach, was distinguishable a man's figure. A light, active figure; he knew it in an instant; he had seen it too often to be mistaken.

The figure walked past him, peering into the gloom of the gorse; but the clerical habiliments blended too well with its shade for the minister to be discovered.

Then the low whistle was heard again, and beside the light figure stood another of stouter build.

"I thought I heard a step," said the first man; "but it can only have been the breeze getting up. Is all right below?"

"Ay, all right," replied the second. "I wish the moon would get up."

"Better for us it did not," was the low response.

As he spoke, an involuntary movement betrayed the listener. In an instant a strong hand seized him in his hiding-place. Mr. Archer rose to his feet, and grasped the arm of the younger and slighter man.

"I know you," he said, in his usual full distinct tones. "This is dangerous; it is worse, dishonor and death."

For a minute or two Frank Ruthin (for he it was) writhed in the clergyman's grasp, while the stout seaman clapped his hand on his belt in a significant manner, but was restrained by a motion from his companion.

"Mr. Archer," exclaimed Frank, at last recovering some measure of composure, and resolving to try the effect of deceit, "how dare you insult a gentleman, and seize me like a criminal? You fancy your cloth will protect you—but beware; 'there are bounds to human endurance'."

He had calculated on the timidity or credulity of his listener, and so began by assuming a bullying

air, which he meant to follow up with a tissue of falsehood, if necessary. He miscalculated the character of the man with whom he had to deal.

"A gentleman would not be found in league with smugglers," was Mr. Archer's calm reply, "which I more than suspect is the case with you. I do not trust to my cloth for protection, sir; my life is in higher keeping."

"Smugglers!" echoed Frank, with an awkward laugh. "What put such an absurd idea into your head, man? Now your insult is explained, or, rather, trebled. Why, I was only buying a boat."

"At this hour of the night!" echoed Mr. Archer, incredulously. "Frank, for your own sake, for your unprotected sisters' sake, come with me, and, if it be in the power of man, I will get you free from this shameful connection. Let your share in it go, and more along with it. Retreat while it is possible: loss will be by continuance in, not in separation from, this unlawful busines, which you have probably joined in only for its risk and novelty. Leave it, and I will never betray you; remain in it, and I can not shield you. And for you, my man," he continued, turning to the sailor who had stood impatiently by during the somewhat lengthy speech, "believe me, the honestest course is the happiest, and ill-gotten gains can never do us good."

Frank Ruthin wavered, but not for long. It was his last chance of reclamation, and he cast it willfully away. The next moment Mr. Archer felt his arms suddenly seized on either side, and wrung violently back, where they were confined so tightly by a cord

as almost to cut the flesh. He was thus completely at their mercy, but, even had he not been, would probably have offered no resistance. He did not fear for his life; apart from a calm trust in the safe keeping of his heavenly Father, he did not believe either of the men would seriously injure him. Desirous to see the affair out, he was desperately anxious, if possible, to rescue the misguided young man at his side.

Many things were now explained—Frank's uncertain manner, and frequent absence from home. The vicar had no previous suspicion to what depths of evil the rash youth had descended, but remembered, with no little satisfaction, his having withdrawn his brother Charlie as far as possible from all baleful companionship. He was aroused by a mocking voice from his brief reverie.

"Now," laughed Frank Ruthin, "we can pay you off. Swear, by all you hold sacred, that you will not betray us, or ever hint at what you have charged us with here."

The hand of the would-be gentleman held a cocked pistol at the clergyman's head. It never trembled in the evil deed, but neither did the brave heart of the man of peace tremble. His tones were calm and steady as he replied—

"I will not."

"Come, come," put in the hard voice of the smuggler, who had stood silently by until now, "we're wasting time, and a shot would ruin us all. Let us take him to Old Mother Hubbard's, and leave him there."

Without a word, a hand was slipped through each of Mr. Archer's arms, and he was led down a steep zig-zag path to the water's edge. Here they were joined by another man, who, at a sign from Frank Ruthin, took his place, while the latter, having unmoored a boat which lay near, jumped into it and pushed off from the shore. For a short distance the trio proceeded in silence, then, suddenly slipping behind a bowlder at the foot of a giant rock, from which it seemed to have been detached by some convulsion of nature, the men took a sharp turning, and Mr. Archer found himself immediately under shelter. Here one of his guides struck a light from the tinder-box in his pocket, and, having kindled the flame of a small lantern that hung at his side, Mr. Archer began at once, by its faint glimmer, to reconnoiter what was evidently intended as his place of confinement.

It was a long, low cavern, dripping with water, the floor and sides wet, showing that the tide gained full access into it. It widened as they proceeded, and seemed to branch off into many subterranean passages. Toward one of these Mr. Archer was now led, the first smuggler cursing and complaining all the way at the trouble which his unexpected charge had given him.

"My friend," said the clergyman, solemnly, "do you know that He upon whom you call has come in here?"

The man turned fiercely toward him.

"Hold your whist," he retorted, "or I will make you."

"Say to yourself as I now say in danger—'Thou God seest me'," was the calm reply.

The only answer was a curse so awful that the clergyman shuddered, and regretted having spoken, while some words from an old-fashioned Book from which he ever took his life-lessons, about "casting your pearls before swine", rose in his mind. The next moment a violent push from the smuggler's heavy hand (the man's passion having blazed beyond self-control) laid him senseless on the wet shingles.

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE CAVE.

WHEN Mr. Archer came to himself, he lay alone in silence and darkness. Not at once did he recover consciousness, and only bit by bit, in strange disjointed patches, did the events of the last few hours occur to him. His head swam round, his mind was bewildered; he seemed to be thinking and breathing in a dream, and even began to doubt his identity. He felt as though absent from the body, and in some way looking down with a sort of wondering pity and amaze on the poor creature who lay on the ground, and whose plight he could not fully understand. It may be even so that freed spirits look down on the houses of clay which they have quitted, and which lie in the dust of death, yet having in them the elements of life. Then, as with a sudden flash, memory regained its dominion, and he knew what had happened, and how he came there.

As far as he could judge, he was the only occupant of the cave, for no breath came to his ear, or sigh of human voice to tell another shared his lone retreat. All was stillness.

And darkness, "darkness which might be felt." Cold, profound, hopeless darkness.

He moved his limbs to test alike his identity and freedom. At least he was at liberty to stir; and,

wonder! his arms were not tied. The smugglers had loosed his bands before quitting the cavern. He looked upward to the roof of his rocky prison in thankfulness to the God who had spared his life, and doubtless influenced them to leave him, so far, some hope of escape. As he did so he sighed involuntarily to think of the blue sky and pure fresh air without.

But he must bestir himself; he must reflect, examine, and grope his way out of this dismal place as best he might. It was a difficult task in the dark, for he might take a wrong direction; but it must be attempted.

Hush! What was that? A strange sobbing and gurgling, not human, but the sound of rising water.

The tide was coming in; advancing upon him like a subtle but irresistible enemy. How far might it come? Was there a possibility of retreating before it to a safe place where he could pass some hours until it took its usual turn and rolled back again to its former boundary? or could he wade through it now to open air and freedom?

As the latter thought seized him he crept along to what he judged to be the mouth of the cave, but, like one who rises at night dizzy with sleep, and can not find his bed again, he had not the faintest idea of his true position, and found after a few paces that he was actually retreating from the water instead of advancing to meet it. Step by step he backed toward his former position, and then stood once more to deliberate.

He was a brave man and a Christian, but he

shrank for one moment from the idea of death in that out-of-the-way dismal hole, with no eye to pity him, no hand outstretched to save; perhaps even where his lifeless body might not be discovered. He felt what Shakespeare has so finely described by one who met the fury of the storm, "A thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground! Let me die a dry death!" Would his sister, brother, and Ethel ever learn what his fate had been? Ethel, she would never know that he had perished in seeking to warn and save her brother. Better—far better—she should not.

But he was not alone; oh, weak and faithless heart to feel so! Did not martyrs of Jesus suffer for His name's sake "in dens and caves of the earth" before now? and was not their God his God, their Saviour his Saviour, though not for the confession of that name had this wrong been done him? And yet it may have been; he remembered his stern words to the smuggler—words which provoked the lawless man to violence—and felt more glad than sorry now for having spoken them.

As he thus thought, his spirit grew calm and strong, and there came to his feet the dark water creeping on. As it washed around them it seemed to him the very flood of death, and he looked upward again and smiled.

Upward to heaven, upward to God, to the mansions of the blest, to the great company of the blood-bought with the Lord who redeemed them. His father (an aged minister, whose gray hairs were a crown of glory) and his mother were there. He

dwelt long on the thought of the latter, until her mild face appeared to be shining like a glory in the gloom.

Then he retreated quietly and steadily; as the water gained upon him, he gave way before this awful unseen foe.

How long it was he knew not. It might have been hours, but they dragged so slowly on—this advancing and retreating, this stealthy raid and secret withdrawal came to an end. He stood for a few minutes motionless; the tide had reached its limit.

Then but a few paces further, and, wearied by the automaton motion so long kept up, as well as by the previous excitement, he cast himself upon the ground, to wait for the morning—for the going out of the tide.

Six hours it might be ere he could make a further effort. He did not feel hunger, though not having tasted food for some hours previously, but very, very cold.

But soon this sensation was lost. In six sleepless hours, without any external object to draw off the attention, the mind could not fail to be turned in upon itself—that wondrous principle which makes "a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven". What could he do but "commune with his own heart"? As the gay and thoughtless Frank Ruthin had done, so did the sober-minded pastor—he faced himself.

He "thought of the bygone desert land"—he reviewed his life. Can the holiest man on earth, the most devoted to God's service, do so and not find every page blotted in the open volume? Not one. Mr. Archer saw the failures and short-comings, as

well as dire stains of his, pass in dread array before him; but he saw too, what Frank Ruthin did not see, the hand of mercy stretched over it all, and blotting it out forever, so that the black catalogue could not be charged against him.

"There is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." He looked up in full assurance to his reconciled Father in heaven, and felt the "Brother born for adversity" stood beside him in his hour of need. A revelation of His love, such as he never before had known, filled his heart with gladness. He seemed to hear "unspeakable words", and have a vision of glory, which rendered him insensible to the miserable surroundings.

Long afterward Mr. Archer recalled the experience of that night, and many a time prayed that, when death did indeed draw nigh, he might be found calmly triumphant as then. He understood thenceforth how the martyrs rose superior to all bodily suffering, and even in death gained a victory.

Despite the failures and mistakes in life which he saw clearly in the light of God's presence, and deplored, he was thus serene. Some had been committed as a man only; more as a minister. The first should have been merged to a greater extent in the latter—the natural impulses of his heart subdued. Had it always been so? Always—always had he first sought the glory of God and the furtherance of the charge committed to his trust? Here the poor imprisoned clergyman fidgeted and was uneasy, but he felt the pierced hand which held his tighten its clasp as he whispered:

"The desire of my soul is to *Thy* name, and to the remembrance of Thee."

"Hold Thou up my goings in *Thy* paths, that my footsteps slip not."

Then the cloud passed from his mind, and he could exclaim again—

"When I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me."

He prayed for Ethel—for Ethel in her young beauty, her delicacy and inactivity—his Ethel; that if it was God's will, she might be made strong, and useful, and good, and happy. He was not cold now; his heart was very warm. Was not the blessing which afterward came to her, an answer to this earnest petition?

"Out of the deep have I called upon Thee." He remembered Jonah, and began to fancy his experience in the darkness of his rocky fastness must be similar. Only he thanked God he could not think his imprisonment had come upon him as a punishment for an act of willful disobedience. Grace had kept him from this.

"There shall be no more sea." Often these words had awakened a sort of regret, but now with the cruel water crawling in in its awful darkness upon him, he began to think of the broad ocean in its mighty unrest, and of the desolation and separation it caused. The sigh that echoed through the cavern might be the wail for the lost who slept beneath its depths. Yes, he thanked God that in the brighter world to which he was hastening there would be "no more sea".

Then the sighing grew more, but the sobbing less; the monotone of the wave was fainter, and he knew the water was going down.

Almost with a moan, for he was conscious of physical weakness now, he rose and followed it as it had followed him. There was a rush as of many little rills from hollows in the rocks on either side, and a continual splash. It would have been soothing at another time, delicious in another place, but here it was irritating in the extreme, and set every nerve quivering.

No funeral march was slower than Mr. Archer's weak tramp back to life.

At length the outlet was reached; thank God, it was reached! Without waiting for the last wave to recede, he grasped the edge of a jagged rock beyond, and dragged himself forward.

The keen morning air blew upon his face, the water swayed up and down around him, so that he could get no further. His body seemed to sway with the undulating tide; he was sick and faint, and clung tightly with both hands and feet to his place of refuge, or he would have fallen, closing his eyes for a long time.

When he opened them again, he was in comparative safety; beneath him was a narrow strip of wet shingle, with a border of tawny foam like a light fringe around it. Soon he might descend; but how?

At the very notion he turned sick again, but just at that juncture heard a voice above him crooning some words which he could not distinguish. The strange wild tones were unmistakable; he tried to

shout, to utter Danny's name, but only a faint discordant sound arose. Again he tried—the singing suddenly ceased ; perhaps Danny had not heard. As the last disappointing thought arose, strange mutterings reached his ear descending from above.

"Sure, it are nivir a bird, nor a whistle, nor a tune, nor spakin'. Maybe it's him, after all."

"Danny!"

In another moment the liberated clergyman might quit his hold of rock and bowlder, for Danny's long arms were around him, and Danny's strong frame supporting his.

As he was half led along, half lifted up the easiest path the poor lad's ingenuity could devise, Mr. Archer offered but little explanation of the state in which he was found.

"He had got into the cave," he said; "the water rushed in upon him, and he was forced to remain in his uncomfortable position until morning."

Danny might be half-witted in other things, but he was too wholly-witted to receive this story unquestioningly. His quick instinct told him Mr. Archer would not have sought the refuge of the lonely cave at night for mere pleasure. Danny might have done so, but Danny was very different. He glanced furtively at the gentleman's pallid face and disordered attire, and was troubled. Mr. Archer had lost his hat, and never missed it ; but more—far more, on his hair, the collar of his coat, and usually spotless shirt-front, were drops of blood!

Yes, he had received a severe wound in falling

against a sharp piece of rock, but was still unconscious of it—still oblivious of the pain it must have caused.

"He has been hurted," muttered Danny Connor to himself; "an' who has done it? There's nivir a soul in the barony would hurt the parson, as I knows on; but Danny will watch—Danny will see who's out at night to scare the folks like this."

"Danny," said the minister, "I will go first to your mother's cabin. I must not frighten my sister, you know. I suppose she thinks I stayed at a friend's house last night."

Even as he spoke his heart misgave him; for he felt his sister would not have rested satisfied all night without a search being made. She knew he would have acquainted her, if possible, with his whereabouts and safety. This opinion was too quickly confirmed by his companion.

"'Deed, she's throuble-minded enough already, yer honor. There's yer brother a-tarin' about the counthry like a madman, an' she with a face as white as the little pool with the moon upon it, knockin' at me door, an' cryin', 'Get up, Danny, an' search everywhere.'"

"And Miss Ethel?" asked the clergyman.

"Sleepin' like a baby, sure," was the low and almost reverent reply.

Mr. Archer's answer was a fervent "Thank God!"

CHAPTER XVI.

BACK TO EARTH.

MRS. CONNOR asked no questions and manifested no curiosity. She simply helped her visitor to remove all traces of disorder, bathed his wound, etc., and induced him to lie down on an old settle near her cabin fire. He was in haste to reach home, and yet felt this delay was best. He had not lain there long, however, when light but hurried footsteps came to the door, and his sister's white face appeared. Her arms were around him at once, and she quite lost self-possession, for the first time to his knowledge, as she sobbed—

"Oh, Horace! Horace! where have you been?"

"We will talk of that again, dear. Here I am still in the body, needing your care."

Miss Archer saw the latter was too true, so, without another word, induced him to resume his position on the settle, while she sat beside him on a low stool, content only to hold his hand. Mr. Archer was greatly touched by this deep but quiet affection, and felt the blessing of a sister's love.

She had known of his visit to his distant parishioner, and, when it drew near midnight without his return, Charlie mounted his brother's pony and rode off to make inquiries at the house of mourning.

There he learned of the death, and of the clergyman's having left some hours previously. When he reached home again, the anxiety of both brother and sister at this novel proceeding led to the latter's visit to Danny, and his consequent search. Whether the poor lad, after the manner of a minstrel of old with a captive king, had sought to carry out his purpose by means of one of his wild strains, we can not tell; at all events, it proved, as we know, effectual.

While Mr. Archer rested, but could not sleep, his sister and the poor widow conversed in a low tone, in a way which gladdened his heart. He learned what a treasure the Book he had given had proved to Danny and his mother. It was "as a light that shineth in a dark place", telling of a Saviour's love. In this love they simply rejoiced.

"I've been very near death to-night," the clergyman said at last. "I have been, as it were, in the gloom of the grave, and it was not terrible."

Mrs. Connor drew near to listen.

"I now understand as I did not before that 'dying grace is not given to living people'," he continued. "'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'"

His sister understood this, but the Widow Connor did not, and ventured to remark—

"'Deed, then, sir, if I may be bold to say it, I think death must be terrible to any one."

"To those who are safe in Christ?" he asked.

"Ay, even to them. Though their sins may be forgiven, they feel they are sinners still, and it must be an awful thing to stand right in the sight of a

holy God, with His eyes looking through and through you."

"Yes, it would indeed be awful if we stood before Him in our sinful selves; but sin has not only been pardoned, but put out of God's sight forever by the atonement of His Son, and when we drop the poor old body we leave its principle and power, as well as guilt and shame, behind. Then, again, we stand in God's presence in the righteousness—the positive merits of another; so that we are 'perfect through His comeliness which is put upon us'."

"Yer reverence," said the poor woman, "I have asked God to forgive me on account of what His Son has done (here she made a low inclination), and not for any doin's of my own; and the good Book says, 'Whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish'. Many a time I says, 'Lord, make me believe! Lord, I believe!' an' I do; for what else makes me glad an' sure like, when I reads them words? But I have a dhread of death still; the Lord betune us and all harm! An' what if I don't feel so sure at the end?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Archer, "death is an enemy, but Christ is a Victor. It is Christ we need in life and death. Do you think He forgives your sins here and keeps you by His power from day to day, to desert you at the last? Would you wrong by this thought an earthly friend?"

"God pardon me for misdoubting Him," groaned the widow. "An' He provin' His love on the cross, an' his care of us every day."

In that hour was the dread of death removed, and

all her lifetime "subject to bondage", her soul now found deliverance. When called a few years afterward to pass through the dark valley, she found she had not to tread it alone, for there stood by her in the shadows a kingly Guest—the veiled form of the Master. From thenceforth she might sing with the other frightened soul in the beautiful lines—"Through the flood on foot:"

"The great and terrible land
Of wilderness and drought
Lies in the shadows behind me,
But the Lord hath brought me out.

The great and terrible river
I stood that day to view
Lies in the shadows before me,
But the Lord will bear me through."

Mr. Archer now hastened to get home, and sincere was his brother's joy at his return. To use a common phrase, Charlie's "heart was in the right place", and though always thoughtless, and sometimes a little wild, to give him his due, he honored and admired the vicar more than any other man on earth. His brother was Charlie's Bible, and he seldom if ever read another. Day by day he scanned the life opened to its own discomfiture in the cave, and at least it told no sad tales to him. It was, indeed, "a living epistle known and read of all men". Charlie had almost come to the conclusion that his brother had no faults save in being "righteous overmuch"; that if he laid aside his religion sometimes like a warm cloak in the sunshine, taking it up again when the cold winds of adversity blew, or he needed

it for exhortation or counsel, it would be better. Still, he respected the strict adherence to a principle. Had he known that the pure and pious vicar of Cliffcoole found in the opened volume of his life (beside which, the younger brother's was blotted and blurred as with mire) only matter for self-condemnation, he would have regarded it as the maddest of mad ideas, and probably laughed heartily at its absurdity.

Once outside the Widow Connor's cabin, of course, Mr. Archer had to answer a host of questions. It seemed, in truth, the more he answered, the more he had to answer. He did not in any way implicate Frank Ruthin when telling of his encounter with the smugglers and detention in the cave. Little his auditors guessed that one who had free access to their society, on terms of intimacy, was among their dear brother's assailants, and, therefore, to be accounted their enemy. Charlie burned with anxiety to bring the perpetrators of the outrage to justice, and longed to take the whole law concerning them into his own hands at once, as detective, prosecuting counsel, and judge. He was scarcely restrained from rushing off in a vain and idle pursuit by his brother's determined desire that he should not interfere with their counsels, or seek in any way to discover their retreat.

"But you mean to search into the affair?" questioned Charlie.

"I do," was the quiet answer.

"And bring the villains to justice?"

"Or mercy," returned Mr. Archer, with a smile.

"Perhaps justice would be mercy."

"Quite so. I don't doubt it."

Charlie looked at his brother and thought if he was good, at least he was peculiar—decidedly peculiar.

"Have you seen Ethel, or Miss Lorne since?" he asked, turning to his sister.

It seemed to him that such a long time had elapsed since he left home the two families must have met. It did not appear like one night.

"No," Miss Archer answered; "having ascertained from the servants that you were not there, it was not likely we should needlessly alarm them."

Mr. Archer was silent, but there was a great longing at his heart to know how it was with the family at Coolum Lodge, and to look upon the face of his betrothed once more. He would fain learn whether Frank had returned home, and when? or if he was still absent, and how that absence was accounted for.

He had been given back to earth, from the bottoms of the mountains, from where the earth with her bars was about him; he had been brought up from the pit and come back to his Ethel. Had she also in renewed health been given back to him, or could his strong love bind the weak one to earth?

Oh, human love, so strong, and yet so weak! So strong to will, so powerless to attain; so mighty in its inward tenderness, so unavailing in its flow. If but the mind to conceive, the arm of strength were given to it, what might it not accomplish? As it is, we may each prove, to our sad complaining, that earthly love is a broken reed.

CHAPTER XVII.

WAIT AND WORK.

WHETHER "absence quickens love into consciousness" or not, we know it quickens—or, rather, freshens—our observation. When Mr. Archer met Ethel next, it seemed to him a change had passed over her, and a change which he most dreaded to see. The hectic hue had faded somewhat from her cheek; her eyes were heavy, while an increasing languor marked every movement.

"She had slept little the previous night," she said, "and felt weary all day."

He took her out with him into the warm sunshine: but neither the song of birds, the glory of day, the sound of the water, nor the evidences of tenderness sufficed to brighten her into animation. Then they went back to the lodge, and she rested on her cushions once more, while he read aloud some selections at once grave and gay. As he looked at her, he felt strangely carried back to his musings in the lonely cave, and again a sense of failure and mistake oppressed his spirit. He crushed it down with a sigh, and the great love which had filled his heart and gladdened his life reigned, as before, above all disappointment.

"You know, my dearest," he said, "that I go to town to-morrow to meet your father."

"Yes," she replied, "I know it. I, too, have had a letter."

"Your father has engagements which prevent his leaving town?"

"Ah, poor papa! his country is his home; the people his family."

Mr. Archer thought these limits might be narrowed with advantage.

"What about Frank?" he asked, a little anxiously.

"I am afraid Frank's disappointment about Winifred has soured his temper," she returned. "He is seldom at home now. I suppose to walk off his displeasure he scours the country alone, as Charlie can not leave Louie."

Mr. Archer wished he was alone, or only tried to get rid of his discomfiture by simple exercise. Unfortunately, he knew better—or worse.

"Horace," questioned Ethel, in turn, "I have often wished to ask you what you think of the attachment between Louie and Charlie?"

"I think if it is to endure it must be tried."

"How do you mean—by absence?"

"That may be one way."

"Which of them do you doubt or fear?"

He looked into her eyes.

"May I tell you?"

"Yes, any thing."

"Then Louie," he said. "The very sameness of their courtship will make her get tired of it. If she

married Charlie now she would be miserable, or make him so. Even the partial agitation of their little quarrels is not sufficient to clear the atmosphere; it only causes a petty diversion when a stiff breeze would be required. Both need strength of purpose and endeavor, and she must learn the value of the love with which she trifles—drops to-day and takes up again to-morrow."

"You are hard, Horace."

"I would never be so to you, my own."

"Ay, but to mine," she returned, smiling. "Is there no room for improvement in your brother?"

"Much," he said, gravely. "Charlie must learn self-control, to command respect. He has to study and work hard to gain an independence before he can hope to win your sister."

"That would be a trial," sighed Ethel; "a weary waiting."

"But true love can bear that test. It is what the Lord asks of us."

"It is so different."

"Perhaps in character, but not in kind."

This was rather beyond Ethel's comprehension, whose intellect was not of the keenest; and she still invariably put aside whatever required a mental effort. Her mind only received the idea of the tedium of waiting.

Lord Lytton says, "Strong is the patience that is born of hope". Ay, with a bright end in view, a glorious promise, the heart can bear, the mind sustain; but without it life would be a dreary waste, the future a blank. How terrible to have no here-

after! to have lived our all, and have nothing left on earth but to suffer and be still! Instead of gazing down a brightening vista, to see a high black wall bounding our despair. Oh! well it is for those to whom the rolling years must bring but added joy, for on them will be stamped fresh records of tenderness and care.

Well is it for those to whom death itself is but the opening of the portals of life. A gloomy portal it may be, but beyond is a radiant space.

Waiting is, indeed, one of the hardest tests that divine love can ask; one of the hardest things for human nature to bear. How slow we are to learn that lesson, "In your patience possessye your souls"; yet, truly we have need of it, for the way home is ofttimes dreary, and our feet pierced with thorns and briers as we tread it, sadly and alone. But "truth in absence" will have its reward—the sympathy of the unseen Friend here, and the full fruition of His presence hereafter.

Mr. Ruthin gave his consent to his daughter's union. He was glad of it, in short, for directly he was awakened to his responsibility he desired to shuffle it off, and he was as proud as he could be of any movement that was not for the public benefit. If it had been well that Mr. Archer should merge the man in the minister, it would have been also well that Mr. Ruthin should, in some measure, merge the politician in the father. Each duty might have been fulfilled.

Mr. Archer had a long conversation with his brother. Charlie chose to enter the Royal Irish

Constabulary, for which, indeed, he had been already studying.

For his sake their only sister, Jane, resided in town, and spent her slender means freely, though she would have much preferred keeping house for her elder brother at Cliffcoole. Still, they judged it would not be well to leave a young man so easily led as Charlie was, wholly to his own resources, and without a home. It was therefore arranged (though, of course, with much regret from all the parties concerned) that Charlie and his sister should return to town immediately. Miss Freeman, who had outstayed the allotted time for her visit, resolved to accompany them ; but Winifred could not leave her friends.

" If you are really attached to Miss Ruthin, you will prove it by a steady endeavor to win her," Mr. Archer said to his brother. " You know you have little else but your profession to depend upon. Her influence over you will be for good, and even in absence you will act and feel as though she was still by your side. There can be no real separation to those who are one in heart."

Charlie received the good advice, backed as it was by a check for a fair amount, very gratefully. He was under great obligations to his brother, and his better nature was thoroughly aroused. He resolved to set to work in downright earnest, to render himself independent, so that he might, as Horace had done, be able to ask Mr. Ruthin for his daughter. He longed to take her away from her father's uncertain guardianship into his earnest care.

It gave Mr. Archer great satisfaction to think that his brother would be wholly removed from Frank Ruthin's companionship and influence. A week had now passed since the adventure in the cave, and they had not met. Frank was absent for some days on an exploring expedition, it was said, with a casual acquaintance. Mr. Archer shrewdly doubted the truth of this story, and believed the expedition was other than his sisters thought.

Louie's bright eyes were dim with tears at the thought of her lover's departure. She felt it very hard of Mr. Archer to insist on his brother's going back to town before the summer was over. The early autumn months would be the finest and most beneficial at the seaside ; health should be the first consideration ; and had not Charlie the whole winter long to study? It must be admitted the young man bore these childish complainings very patiently—perhaps softened by the tears.

"Louie," he said, sadly, "will you not tell me to go for your sake—to work and be strong?"

For one moment the childish nature of the girl was touched, and she said :

"Work and be strong *for me.*"

He thanked her—we will not say how!

It was their last evening together. At Charlie's request, Louie went to the piano, and sang to him. Never had she sung more exquisitely, and when she ceased tears stood in many eyes unseen in the dying light. Strangely the minds of the three girls went back to a somewhat similar scene, when Louie had idly boasted she would "charm the natives" in their

projected visit to Cliffcoole. Ah! the charm had wrought deeper, and recoiled until it wound around herself.

"Oh, Louie," whispered poor Charlie, "how could you have sung that?"

It was not calculated, indeed, to impart the strength he needed, and as Miss Ruthin left the instrument, herself for once overcome, Winifred took her place.

Winifred could not sing, but was an accomplished instrumentalist. She now played a grand march. It was solemn, yet inspiriting; every note after the first hesitation, seemed a steady advance, until it reached the triumphant chords of victory. As Danny Connor had once said, after listening to these strains through an open window, "It was like spakin'." In some way Charlie Archer felt strengthened and refreshed, and the saddening influence was in a great measure dispelled. He resolved anew to work bravely and wait.

And so the first gap in the happy party at the seaside was made, and so the first parting came. Hearts which had bounded lightly as the foam upon the ocean with every changeful emotion and varying circumstance, now grew heavy and depressed. None knew how much Louie's vivacity and ready wit contributed to the general amusement until they missed it. For a whole week—a whole week—an age for her, Louie's rich voice was silent, and her light laughter failed to wake the echoes around Cliffcoole.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TEMPTATION.

DANNY CONNOR and Will Joyce were tossing in their boat on the water. The lines were out, but fish were not rising; they had toiled long, "and taken nothing". Will was silent and dissatisfied. Of late his brow had been gloomy, and his smile less frequent, except when with Minnie—pretty Minnie, on whom one could not choose but smile. Danny, who rose superior to adversity, and was generally in an equable frame of mind as of body, sang to himself, as usual—

> "'Ding-dong,' sounded the bell
> An' 'ding-dong,' sounded the sea;
> For both rang out the knell
> Of the lad who was comin' to me."

"Did you ever sing any thing pleasant in your life Danny?" asked Will, testily.

"Ay," returned the lad; "it's all pleasant."

"Like our work," replied the young man, sulkily; "pleasant to them as likes it; an' that ain't me."

"Don't you like fishing, Will? I loves to be on the water."

"An' I'm sick of it in this way."

"Would you like to be aboard a schooner?" asked Danny.

This was the summit of *his* ambition; but there being no response, Danny resumed his singing and muttering.

> "The fish in the sea, and the birds in the nest,
> The day is for toil, and the night is for rest."

"Heigh-ho! well, God knows what's best for us all."

"Danny," began Will again, after a pause, "there's a lot of fellows at Dirty Jemima's now and they are all flush of cash."

"Ay!"

"It's hard on a fellow like me, that's young an' strong, that he must toil an' toil, an' a week's airnin's only go for a day's grub."

"Ye haven't my arms," put in Danny.

"Arms or no arms," retorted Will, as he hauled in a fish, baited his line anew, and threw it out with a jerk; "what's the good on 'em?"

"A day's grub ain't a bad thing," said Danny, reflectively; "there's mother an' Minnie to be fed."

"Minnie!" replied Will, with a very audible sigh. "It's all for Minnie."

"What is? Will, have you any money?"

"No, but I mean to get some; more than I have had yet."

This did not produce any wonderful effect upon Danny's mind; though ready enough to take money for his mother's sake, he did not value it for his own.

The truth was, Will had been tampered with.

Smuggling was then being practiced on the coast to an alarming extent, and there were few in the country round who were not engaged in, or in some measure interested in it. Will saw his mates with well-lined pockets, despising poor trades, engaging in hazardous expeditions, and venturing on contraband exchanges with grand results, and felt jealous and abashed. He was abashed at his own weakness and insufficiency, envious of their success; and had almost resolved on joining their league, but did not know how to break off his connection with Danny. Again, Danny would prove a most efficient helper, could he be won over. No arm more bold, no eye more true; while every nook and corner of the coast around was known to him. Danny could never be in danger of arrest, for no one could dare to follow where he might lead. Then, again, he was wholly trustworthy, and would rather die than betray a secret committed to his keeping. At this thought Will had almost determined to interest his companion in his doubtful schemes for their mutual benefit.

In the long silence that ensued, Danny, as was his wont, interspersed his songs with prayers.

"'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.'"

Will dared not tempt him then.

"What's 'temptation'?" asked Danny.

"I don't know; don't bother me with it," was the rough reply.

The next moment Will asked a question too.

"What's 'deliver us from evil'?"

"I knows that," returned Danny, proudly. "It's from chatin' or stalin', or throuble of any sort."

"Do you think God troubles Himself about watching every little thing we do?"

"Yes," said Danny, "mother says so." (Mother with him was infallible.)

No, Will could not tamper with the lad's simple faith. God had indeed kept him in "the hour of temptation".

Danny had not forgotten his purpose of watching for, and, if possible, discovering Mr. Archer's secret assailants. Night after night, when not out on the water, he had lain concealed, until bit by bit all the smugglers' ventures and schemes became known to him. He received several allusions to the clergyman's detention in the cave, and knew as well as that gentleman who had taken part against him. Danny hated Frank Ruthin for troubling Minnie; he hated him yet more for his attack upon an unarmed and unprotected man; and yet, with strange inconsistency, he resolved to shield him to the utmost from the consequences of his evil conduct. For his beautiful sister's sake, Danny would undo the wrong he had once done, and save the life of his enemy.

He was called upon to do so sooner than he thought. A few nights after the above conversation, Will having refused to join him on the water, Danny was forced to remain on shore, and hailed the time as a golden opportunity for adding to his stock of information.

He knew there was to be an attempted landing

that night, and was acquainted with all the details almost as well as those concerned in it. One thing, however, he did not know—that his mate Will Joyce was pledged to take a share in the hazard and gain.

A vessel in the harbor was suspected; the coast-guards had boarded her without result. The captain's wife lay ill in her cabin, but offered no objection to the strict search that was instituted. She only looked round feebly, and it was evident from her pale cheeks and languid eyes could make no effort in "this world of efforts". Neither custom-house officers nor coast-guardsmen knew that beneath her night-cap, ay, within the plaits of her abundant hair, were folds of costly lace, while round her body were coils of finest silk, and for her bolster a roll of tobacco. So on through the ship, loose planks and hollow paneling had been constructed with singular ingenuity since the schooner left the docks and had a dishonest commander. Her crew were picked men.

More than Danny had some inkling of the intended landing. Two coast-guardsmen turned into his mother's cabin to light their pipes. Danny followed their quiet patrol, and as they returned and seated themselves under the shelter of a rock stood listening to their yarns with eager interest. All knew and trusted him. One story especially delighted him, and so engaged his attention he was quite unconscious of what was passing near, until roused by an exclamation from one of his companions, met by a still more startling reply—

"Hark! what was that?"

"A pistol-shot!"

CHAPTER XIX.

BY SEA.

THE men started to their feet, and hurried on. As they rounded a headland, they came in view of an exciting scene. A band of smugglers were engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with a party of coast-guards. One man lay motionless on the shelving strand, and beside his apparently dead body the others strove with desperate resolve. But victory appeared rather in favor of the coast-guards, whose chief officer was still unhurt, and who kept his men together with wonderful precision and coolness. Then he closed with the leader of the gang, who had fought desperately, but who was now immediately surrounded and captured. More arrests followed, while some broke loose and ignobly fled; and so the deadly affray was over.

As Danny followed his companions, a light active figure broke from the confused throng, and fled toward them, rushing right into his arms. Those long arms closed round him like a vise, and then the fisher-lad, breathless and excited, paused to look upon the face of the man he held. It was the enemy he had vowed to spare.

"Save me, for my sisters' sake!" gasped Frank Ruthin, hoarsely. "I am lost if taken."

Without another word Danny turned, and with his arm through the young man's, guided his before aimless flight, interposing his own body between him and one or two shots which by the officer's direction were fired after them. How they scaled the cliff neither could tell; but ere long they were on its summit alone, and in comparative safety.

The wind had risen and swept round them, thus exposed, as if it cried furiously for vengeance, and would fain bear them back to their pursuers; but they heeded it not. On and on yet a little way they press in the darkness, and then Frank Ruthin stumbled against a large bare stone.

"Help me to shove it aside," gasped Danny. "Lend a hand, man, with a will."

With arm and shoulder, straining every nerve, they moved it from its place. Then a hole in the earth underneath was apparent.

"Let yourself down," whispered Danny; "I will help you. Don't be afeard; I will come back for you when the danger's gone."

Taking Frank Ruthin by the arms, he lowered him gently through the aperture; then, with almost superhuman strength, the large stone was rolled back in its place, and the fisher-lad stood alone on the familiar place once more. He gazed out to sea. There was no moon, but by the light of myriads of stars he saw the water heaving and surging up like a creature in pain. He saw afar upon its bosom the light of the suspected schooner; it was swaying round, and Danny rightly conjectured she would put to sea under cover of night. Beneath him were dark

forms, some moving about as if in scarch, some bearing the wounded away. A party of the revenue police had arrived at the scene of action, and through their aid the prisoners were secured. Then, again, Danny saw that strong, tall figure led away between two others, offering no resistance now. He knew it well; he had seen it in darkness and sunshine, by night and day; it was his old friend and companion Will Joyce.

Yes, Will had not prayed, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;" but Danny had, and would pray so again.

Why was it that some such thought as this crossed the mind of the lonely watcher? How was it that never had he such power of reflection, never could he so look abroad into the present, forward to the future, or had memory been so clear as then? It seemed as if the fresh, strong breeze was blowing away the mists which had so long clouded his brain. Was it that he was doing a brave deed? was saving a life and returning good for evil? or was it—

The place into which he lowered Frank Ruthin was a narrow cave or hollow, without outlet save a small drain into which the water ran at high tide, and through which air was admitted. The tide was now going out, but it would turn, and in any case he could not leave his charge long imprisoned there. He stood still to deliberate, as gifted with full reasoning powers. Yes, and he did resolve.

He turned, and at a quick, swinging pace set off towards Coolum Lodge. He had not seen any of the young ladies for the past few days, and now

when he drew near the place a strange awe and chill fell upon him. The lower part of the house was in darkness, but in an upper room burned a steady light. Suddenly the curtain was drawn aside, and there looked out upon him a face he knew; it was Miss Lorne's.

He stood in the stream of light which issued forth, and beckoned to her—beckoned earnestly and vigorously. Winifred gazed upon the strange apparition until it grew familiar. Then the curtain dropped, and the next moment she was by his side, bearing a small lamp.

"Did you want me, Danny?" she asked, gently, but her face was white, and eyes swollen from crying.

Danny looked up into the wan, worn face, and again the strange fear grew upon him.

"Master Frank," he said, for so he had learned to call him.

"What of him?"

"He's been doin' wrong; he might have been took, but I hid him. Can you hide him here?"

"Wrong?" Winifred's mind did not receive the idea the poor lad meant to convey. "What wrong?"

"He was with the smugglers, an' he's hurted a man bad! he may be killed!"

"Killed!" Winifred recoiled in horror.

"Danny," she whispered, wringing her hands, "take him any where; he must not come here. Miss Ethel——" here she broke down utterly.

"What?"

"Is dying," came out with a sob.

Dying! What was that? Who said it? Danny recoiled in turn as with a sudden blow which left him stunned. Was she going up to the great God, above the stars, his mother would have said; going right away from earth?

Up to the angels whom he had pictured often in their shining robes, and with their sweet voices singing as no mortal could ever sing?

But then they would never see her more. Danny had looked upon a familiar face as it lay in death, but it was strangely unfamiliar, and he was glad when they hid it from his sight, for it only shocked and appalled.

He was stunned, as we have said; then, as on the cliff, the strange gleam of intelligence came back, and as Winifred whispered, "Save him for *her* sake," he returned as solemnly—

"For *her* sake, I will."

Night was still upon the water, solemn, dark and wild; though the small hours of morning, as yet there was no morning gleam, when a small boat, manned by two men, silently pushed out from the shore. Quietly and cautiously they rowed, dipping light oars into the rising tide with a gentle, muffled motion. Once out from the shore, they bent to them with a will, pulling vigorously with all the strength they could command.

Wave after wave broke over them; they were tossed like foam upon the ocean's breast, yet still they strove and toiled, and toiled and strove.

"Danny, may we hoist the sail?"

"Ay, ay."

In another minute they were skimming along, now rising on the crest of a billow, now sinking into the trough of the sea, but steering ever for the dark schooner under motion, with all her canvas set. Danny had hoisted the sail.

"Danny, man, tell me again what she said?"

"She said Miss Ethel was dying."

"Oh, God forgive me!" groaned the miserable brother; "I loved her best, and might have been so good to them, but now, to look upon me would be shame; for her it would be death. Yes, I must escape."

"You shall."

No man of keen intellect could have said it more sensibly; poor Danny!

At last the dark vessel was reached, and crashing, dashing against its side came the light boat. Now it was swept away by a huge billow, which thoroughly drenched its occupants, then again drew nigh. At last Danny managed to get hold of a rope, and Frank Ruthin, completely exhausted, was dragged on deck. Danny was left alone.

Alone on the dark water; alone in a sinking boat. The schooner swept on her way with a favorable wind, but left one brave heart behind worth all her dark keeping.

That last dash had stove a plank. Danny knew it too late.

He was a bold swimmer and struck out bravely. The tide was running in, as we have said, but the

wind was against him, and wave after wave broke over his devoted head. He tried to float, rose up with wonderful strength again to breast the billows, and once a shout for help rang out on the air. Frank Ruthin, who had recovered consciousness, and stood leaning over the side of the schooner, gazing in the direction of the shore, heard it, and, straining his eyes through the darkness, followed in thought the struggle he could not discern. He made an effort even then to save the brave lad, but the captain positively refused to turn, or to run the risk of any delay.

Strange to say, the cry was borne on the wind to a lone woman on the nearest strip of land, who was without the power to aid. Bending her ears to the water's edge, she fancied she heard the words, "Catch a grip of me now," and concluded that help had come to the distressed one in his hour of need.

Did he, indeed, call upon earthly aid then? or had there risen in his mind at that awful moment the remembrance of a scene with which he had become strangely familiar? Perhaps he thought the Lord still walked on the face of the deep as of old; perhaps he saw "One like unto the Son of Man" drawing nigh unto him in his great peril and need. This we may know—there was a loving arm around him, and through the dark flood poor Danny Connor was borne safely home.

Thus help came, and through death deliverance.

CHAPTER XX.

ON LAND.

In that lighted chamber which Winifred Lorne had quitted to give poor Danny Connor his last charge, Ethel Ruthin lay breathing her young life away. A violent fit of coughing the previous night had caused the rupture of a blood-vessel, and severe hemorrhage of the lungs ensued. The doctor who was hastily summoned, strictly enjoined silence and a total absence of excitement, but all felt this would only prolong life for a little time; the ulterior hope of a rally and partial restoration was scarcely entertained.

Her father was telegraphed for, and had arrived. With a curtain drawn between him and his youngest, fairest child, he sat near the head of the bed, entirely broken down. He was not allowed to speak to her, and probably would not have wished to do so if permitted. Had he given way to the feelings of his heart he would have been kneeling on the ground in deep contrition, crying, "Forgive me, oh, my child!" He felt now how ill he had performed a parent's duty; how unfaithful his guardianship had been. Her Father in heaven knew this, and was taking his daughter to Himself, away from his nominal care. Ah, when we are losing a blessing we too often begin

to prize it; and the sense of all we might have been comes with the revelation of what we are.

Frank was absent; none knew where. She had not asked for him; indeed, it spoke little for his kindness that she did not wish to see him; only she said once, when they thought she was going—

"Give my love to Frank. Tell him to love me still."

"Love her still!" She would not have ceased to be, she was only going away; but she had life. That which she longed for had been given to her; not rest only, but life.

Mr. Archer, Winifred, and Louisa kept unceasing watch beside her bed. Loor Louie! life was not, as she had fondly thought, a gay dream, or vain chase after pleasure. That which she clung to was failing, and the younger sister, so tenderly beloved, was passing from her side forever. A pall seemed to have fallen over every thing earthly, until there appeared no future for her. Oh, was it forever? In that sad hour, when she stood face to face with death, Louie would have given worlds, had she possessed them, to know that she, too, was safe for eternity, and they might meet again.

We can not touch Mr. Archer's sorrow; it lay too deep for human ministry; was too sacred for us to draw aside the veil and seek to analyze or explore.

Suddenly Ethel stirred as if in sleep, and unclosed her eyes, those beautiful soft eyes over which the film of death was already stealing.

"Winifred."

"Yes, darling."

"Is the night wild?"

"Very."

"I hear the sound of the sea."

She might have done so, though they heard it not.

"Is the moon on the water?"

"No; my dearest, you must not talk so—it is bad for you."

"Ah, I must indeed; you will soon not hear my voice. I should like to see the moon on the water once more."

"'The city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof'," Winifred said.

The dying girl thanked her with a look.

"Winifred, dear—dearest friend, if ever you find you can take my place, do, and be more than I could have been. When the time comes, remember this."

Winifred gave the desired assurance; yes, she would watch over Louie as a sister, and bring what comfort she could into the desolate home. It was not till long, long afterward she thought there might be another meaning in the words.

The feeble hand of the dying girl drew her friend toward her, and their lips met in one long parting kiss.

Mr. Archer took his place beside the bed.

"Horace, it is best as it is; you will think so yet."

Ah! best for her it might be. But for him——

He buried his face in the coverlet, kneeling by her side.

"God comfort you—He can. Will you pray for me?"

He steadied his voice, and, in low, quiet tones, the words which commended her to their loving Father's care, seeking grace to bear for her and for them in their sore hour of need, arose.

"You all love me," she whispered, at its close, "but Jesus best—He best. You will try to say, 'Thy will be done'?"

Again she said—

"I hear the sound of the sea; it does not cease, but it rests me now."

It might have been "as the voice of many waters, the voice of harpers harping with their harps".

"You will soon rest with Christ."

"Yes; His presence rests me now. He is with me, and I'm not afraid to go with Him."

"'Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness,'" Mr. Archer said.

"He is as good as His word. I feel such peace—such—rest—my heaven is begun. It is so near; Jesus is so real. Horace, I used to think what you said beautiful, but I could not always understand it. Now I feel as if I knew a great deal more than you do, only I can not say it. Can you sing a hymn?"

"May I say it?" he asked.

He feared to trust their voices; feared disturbing her by sudden outbursts of grief.

"Yes," she whispered. "'Oh! Christ, He is the fountain!'"

He repeated it slowly and without faltering.

"The sands of time *were* sinking," but "the dawn of heaven" was breaking for her.

"Is it near day-dawn?"

"Very near, my love, my own," murmured Mr. Archer, with an irrepressible burst of grief; "the day is dawning now. 'The Master is come, and calleth for thee.'"

He saw the change upon her face, the gleam in the dying eyes. He bent his head and kissed her brow for the last time in life; and then Ethel's parting gaze turned slowly round on all she loved—rested on her father, who had pressed forward, rested on her sister, on Winifred, a little longer on her lover, and then turned upward to see her "King of grace" beckoning her homeward.

And so, by a quiet way, befitting one so tender, that night she was taken up from earth to God, as one had gone for her sake by a harder, rougher path, quitting this troublous life. Do spirits meet and blend in full communion? Or recked they of the sorrows they had left by land and by sea?

They did not lay her beside the sounding sea, whose giant play she had loved to watch. With strange care for the poor clay which he had not cherished sufficiently in life, her father had it conveyed some twenty miles further inland to the family burying-place. No matter where his ran-

somed ones sleep, "the Lord will know where to find them when He comes". Over the face of the broad ocean, pathways will be apparent for the redeemed to pass through as they come from their watery graves, "by the way of the sea"; while from quiet church-yards and shady nooks, from hill-side and valley, from "dens and caves of the earth", and where the sacred ashes which a funeral pyre have left have been strewn, will arise a countless throng, "to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord".

CHAPTER XXI.

THROUGH THE WAITING.

A YEAR had passed, and Louie Ruthin was much changed. Her manner was quieter, and her eyes lacked their former dancing light, but the irresolute lines about the mouth did not quiver and play as of yore, and this of itself gave the face a graver character, and some might have thought a greater charm. On their first return to town after the bereavement, her father had made an effort to become affectionate and companionable, but the force of habit was too strong, while she had never been accustomed to treat him with the freedom of that love which casteth out fear, so they had gradually drifted back into their old mode of life. He was once more immersed in politics, convening meetings, writing circulars, or haranguing appreciative audiences. Did the shadow that had fallen upon him by the sea, the shadow of a great shame and a great loss, ever darken his mind and sadden his heart? Who could tell? At all events, if it did, he never betrayed it. He settled a suitable pension on the man who was disabled for life by his son's violence, insuring secrecy, and seemed to banish the disgraceful affair thenceforth from his memory.

For his daughter he provided wisely in inducing Miss Freeman, by the offer of a liberal salary, to become her companion. Louie might have become gloomy or even fanatical, but for his choice of her companion. Miss Freeman's piety was so unobtrusive she could not turn aside from it in antagonism, yet there it was in Miss Ruthin's household, ruling and directing every day, making the rough places easy to tread, and the most uninteresting occupations beautiful to her humble companion. Aunt Isabella's invincible good-humor was proof against any stray shafts of malice or satire which Louie could launch at her, and as Charlie Archer before had done when viewing his brother's life, Louie was now constrained to admit that there was a sustaining and satisfying portion in the Christian calling.

From Charlie she heard regularly. He had passed his examination creditably, and was with the depôt in Dublin. At the end of the year, of which there now remained only two or three months, he would be his own master; and if she were willing to share his poverty, might even ask her of her father. Mr. Ruthin was a man of good means, able to give his daughter—one might say, his only child—a suitable portion; but to yield young Archer the credit due to him, he scarcely thought of this, or if he did, only in the light of an obstacle to the furtherance of his claim. However, he would wait, and hope.

Winifred managed to see her friend constantly; indeed, this was part of the day's duties which must not be set aside, and the pleasantest time the girls had was when they sat together for an hour or two

in the quiet eventide. In spite of Miss Freeman's companionship and influence, which counteracted much that would have tended to the exuberance of evil, Winifred was pained still to perceive in Louie a growing discontent, producing inactivity rather than restlessness. She privately communicated the anxiety this awakened to Mr. Archer on his next visit.

"She needs rousing," he said, "and a certain amount of healthful pleasure. This sort of hopeless calm is the worst thing for a nature like hers, and would unfit her for a useful future. She now only lives in that future, and thinks she must drag through a weary waiting as best she can, until she becomes Charlie's wife. She must learn to live in the present; to see that she is not only neglecting positive duties, but losing positive pleasures."

He thought for awhile.

"Do you believe she was much impressed by—by what has passed?"

"Deeply—more than I could tell," replied Winifred, "but I can not say savingly. Sometimes I hope she longs for a better, that is, a lasting portion, for she seems to feel almost morbidly the transitory nature of every thing."

"Poor child!" he said, "dear child! Winifred, you will be glad to hear that Charlie is in every way showing himself worthy of a woman's trust."

She was glad to know it. (Mr. Archer had always called her Winifred since the trouble they had known, but to her he was Mr. Archer still.)

Both Louie Ruthin and Winifred had visits at

stated intervals from Mr. Archer; indeed, with the former he corresponded regularly, watching over her interests and comfort as an elder brother might do. He quite approved of Miss Freeman's companionship for her, and of Winifred's patient home course. For the latter it was a discipline which her quick, independent spirit needed; and he doubted not she would make much progress in humility, self-knowledge, and simple trust, in God's school. He told her so plainly, and it helped her to go quietly onward. It is a great source of strength when we can see the hand which is guiding, sustaining, and ready to bless. The greatest peace which can be attained by any child of God is to have his will merged in the will of his Father in heaven. This is the source of holiness, as well as the fountain of joy. Mr. Archer watched with intense interest the formation of Winifred's Christian character in adverse circumstances. Both the girls relied on him, and neither of them would have taken any serious step without his cognizance and sanction.

Mr. Archer was but little changed, only he looked somewhat older and graver than he had done a few months previously. Sorrow at least had not hardened his heart, for many in his parish could tell that never had they met more real and living sympathy, such patient endurance and firm support, such loving entreaty, as from this outwardly calm, self-contained man. He was always giving heart and soul to his work, but now he lived only in it. He brought to it the savor as well as strength of the Master's presence, until all felt he was in truth "a man of God",

One of Winifred's greatest pleasures at this time was a letter from Minnie Connor, of which we give a faithful transcript. It confirmed some good news she had previously learned.

DARE LADY,—This cums hopping to find you quiet well as it laves me at present thanks be to God for it dare lady you will be thankeful to hare mother is quiet well an not thrubble minded. She ses she nos her boy is happy an God is good an she will be with him afore long dare lady God keep the sickness an thrubble from us an i hope it may be long she may be speared to me on airth. dare lady you will be glad to hare i have got a good situashon thanks to the good clargyman im not with mother but im not away from her naythe as I sees her reglar. dare lady the best of nuse is Wills ackwitted Mister Archur he gets a charaktar for him from all the gentlefolks round as has none him amost from his berth an they shows as he was deludered into jining the smuglers an did not do it from badness as evryboddy nows Will had no badness in him. So they left him off I dun no how but som ses thare was a bale an mony ped an Mister Archur he nos i sed he mite gow to Amerika and shure i ud folly him the wureld ovur only for the tought of my poor mother an he could get out in wan of them big Kunard ships you seen for six pounds of money the best of food concluded, but no me girl says he i will stop whare I am he ses untill i gets me good naim back and when i gets my good naim back ile give it you, he ses. So dare lady i am jest wateing an trying to be a good girl an worthy of a good man untill he taiks me for his wife mother sends her dooty an if im not too bould no more at pressent.—i remanes yore umble sarvent MINNE CONER.

P. S.—Dare lady the best of nuse is the man as you nows on was hurted bad is rekovered. dare lady if youv nothing to say doen't thrubble to rite it but ide be prode to get a letther from you sain how is Miss Ruden an yerself.

Such was little Minnie Connor's letter. Winifred gave her full credit for the diction, if not for the caligraphy. She knew Minnie could read, but not write. It contained much to give joy to the young lady, especially the assurance of the coast-guard's

recovery. She was thankful, also, to know the widow's faith had not failed in the hour of trial. It was like the fire in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"; though water was poured upon it, it was not put out, for (as he perceived) one was secretly supplying it with oil from behind.

Yes, the fire which divine love had kindled in Mrs. Connor's heart the same grace could well sustain unto the end; and in all her sore affliction, in her darkest and loneliest hours, she could say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Winifred found something to say in reply to Minnie Connor's letter—enough, indeed, to fill four sides of her sheet of paper in a clear, round hand, easy to decipher. She expressed her delight at Will Joyce's acquittal, and full confidence in him, in a way that not only made poor Minnie's heart beat high with satisfaction, but brought something very like a tear to the rough fisherman's face as he heard of it.

"God bless her!" he said, huskily. "It is a fine thing to have the prayers of the good, an' if she niver comes down to our cabin by the sea, I'll thry an' do my duty theer the better for knowin' such as her thinks o' me, and will be glad to hear me an' me purty wife is doin' well."

"She is a dear good lady!" sighed Minnie.

"Ay, lass, ay; she had a sperit in her that none of the rest had, and a way of saying right out what was in her mind. She a-minds me of a fair wind," continued Will, who was at a loss for a simile, "fresh and strong, and in your favor."

"But the wind may be too strong sometimes," laughed Minnie. "Miss Lorne is never furious."

"Well, well," said poor Will, making up for the weakness of his poetical allusions by a kiss, "people aren't al'ays like things, you know."

CHAPTER XXII.

CORRECTING A MISTAKE.

IT was a calm, still evening in the end of "leafy June", and Winifred was gazing forth from her drawing-room window upon the lightly flecked sky, feeling strangely carried back in thought to the past, until she could almost fancy she heard the murmur of the sea and the echo of a dear voice long stilled in death—

"Winifred, dear friend, if ever you find you can take my place, do, and be more than I could have been."

Had she fulfilled this charge?

Not to Mr. Ruthin, whom she rarely met. Not in household management of any kind; not even to Louise, her most cherished friend.

Two years had passed since she heard those words; two busy, but not unhappy years. Louie's probation was at an end; her father, perhaps softened by trial, perhaps feeling it was too late for him to seek to learn a tender parent's part, and win a child's affections (a grave mistake in keeping with what had gone before), had given his consent to her union with the man she loved. Furthermore, he made a handsome provision for her, so that she did not come to Charlie Archer as a portionless bride, and their future

appeared very bright. None dreamed how long and bitterly at that time the old man thought of his absent son. He did not reproach himself, however, for ill-doing, for neglect of early training, and prayerfully setting right principles before the boy both by precept and example. He only said in his heart, as if the sowing which produced such wretched fruit could not be traced to him—

"He is my son no longer; he shall never darken my door—never. On the bed he has spread for himself, no matter how hard it may be, let him lie."

After Louie's marriage Mr. Ruthin was to reside at his club, a prospect which suited him well. "Untrammeled by family cares, he might devote himself to his country's good," he vainly whispered. Need we say, his attention to the duties he made his own, proved as productive of evil in sowing the seeds of anarchy and discontent, as his inattention to the natural duties God had given him to fulfill had done on a smaller and lower scale.

Mr. Archer was to perform the marriage ceremony, and had come to town for this purpose. He was grave and undemonstrative as usual, but told Winifred some of his schemes which lay near his heart for his people's good, and the awakening of more vital Christianity among them. In a few brief words he gave her to understand she might aid him in some way, and she now waited until it pleased him to explain.

As she stood still gazing on a light bank of cloud on this particular evening, and musing not unhappily,

on the past and present, she was startled to find he had entered unperceived, and stood quietly beside her in the failing light. After the first greetings were over they relapsed into silence.

"Charlie is to be married to-morrow," he said at length; "have you any fear?"

"No," she replied, gladly. "Louie will be a good wife to him."

"He too has gained much strength of character. The waiting has been blessed not only in the attainment of their hearts' desire, but in the experience gained."

There was a long pause again.

"Winifred."

She looked up quickly at him, but something in his face held her silent.

"Have you not wished to know how you could aid me? I have come to tell you."

Still no reply.

"You can aid in my life-work," Mr. Archer continued very earnestly, bending his face to hers. "I have come to ask you to be my wife."

Winifred's cheek flushed to its deepest crimson, but she gave no token of assent. Her gaze was steadily bent on the light bank of cloud. The silence grew oppressive.

"Winifred," and now Mr. Archer's usually calm, full tones were shaken, "can you not give me your love?"

"You have not told me I have yours," returned Winifred, with some of her former spirit, but without looking at him.

He took her hand in both of his.

"Winifred, do not let us misunderstand one another now. A mistake may be fatal to our happiness through life, and I have too much at stake—love you too well—to risk losing you through a mistake. I love you as truly as man ever loved the woman he would choose out from all the world to stand by his side in sickness and in health, in weal and in woe, to live in his heart as in his home. If you can not return my love, and send me from you, life will be imbittered. I do not say it will be a blank, for no one should say that who can look up to God as his Father."

"But—but—I thought your love was all given away—had followed another, and never could revive," put in Winifred.

"I loved Ethel tenderly, as you know. She came into my quiet dull life like a beautiful dream—something to be gazed upon and admired, ay, even cherished, but never brought down to the poor prosaic details of life. I was entranced by her beauty and sweetness; but felt, even before God called her away, that I had made a mistake—that she could never stand by my side in difficulty and trial, and, if sorrow came to me, I dare not burden her tender spirit by asking her to share it. Still I loved her—she was so fair and frail, and I felt so strong to shield and support. But, Winifred, I have long known and observed you closely, and admire you as I never have admired another. I may have lost you through the mistake which God saw fit to correct so sorely, but I feel rather as if you were my Theodora

—God-given. Come to me, my dearest, and be my own—my wife."

And with happy tears Winifred gave herself away.

Later in the evening Mr. Archer said—

"Did you know, Winifred, that Ethel foresaw our union and spoke of it to me?"

The meaning of her departed friend's words, "If ever you find you can take my place, do," flashed upon the young girl's mind. She was at last fulfilling the dying charge.

This union of heart and soul, of affection and judgment, was arranged without further misgivings, and without a thought of poor Mrs. Lorne and the necessities of the family Winifred would be compelled to leave. Winifred's mother, however, was glad—quietly and unselfishly glad. She knew she could not expect to keep her daughter always; neither did she wish it. What mother does?

Subsequently Mrs. Lorne's interests came under consideration; and before Winifred knew it and could prevent, Mr. Archer had settled a small annuity upon her mother. Miss Archer also decided on residing with the latter, making a liberal arrangement, as she wisely decided her sisters-in-law would be better and happier left to themselves than subject to her interference in any way. Of course she would pay frequent visits to the young housekeepers, but that was a different matter.

Miss Freeman, having tasted the blessings of independence, was not willing to remain inactive in her sister's house. She found a new sphere of usefulness in a Christian family, where, the mother being

a confirmed invalid, the whole management of the household was placed in her hands.

Some people ventured to whisper that Frank Ruthin sailed the high seas under a black flag, and was hanged for piracy. However the impression got abroad, it was generally believed he had "come to a bad end". Over his fate there hung a mystery, and of his eternal state God alone knoweth.

The joy of Minnie and Will Joyce in welcoming back, as the wife of the good clergyman, the dear young lady who had so long dwelt near them may be imagined. Much happy converse they had together; and the fisherman's cabin became not only a bright but a blessed place, for the peace of God reigned in each heart there.

And so some sleep, some wait and watch and weep, mayhap, some work and pray by land and by sea, until the day dawn.

"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."

"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

THE END.

PEARS' SOAP

A Specialty for Children

The best for the Complexion. . . "A balm for the Skin."
The most economical; it wears to thinness of a wafer.

It is undoubtedly true that more children have been successfully reared by the use of Ridge's Food than by the use of all the other foods combined.

Do not experiment with your child, but take the food that has stood the test of time.

PUBLIC OPINION

Justifies the claim that Ridge's Food is the best daily diet for children. It makes bone, muscle, nerve tissue, and in every way builds up the system of the growing child.

These are Solid Facts:

BROOKFIELD, MASS., Feb. 12, 1884.

My little granddaughter, now about ten months old, weighed at birth but

THREE POUNDS.

Neither doctor nor nurse had any expectation of her living to be a month old. She was fed on cow's milk about a month, and the gain was hardly perceptible. Then, by the advice of the physician, she was fed on RIDGE'S FOOD, prepared according to directions, and gained five ounces the first week. She has used no other food since, and now we are proud to tell you she is as hearty and as fine a child of her age as can be seen anywhere.

Yours truly,
H. H. PHETTEPLACE.

BOSTON, MASS., July 2, 1883.

Nine years ago, a puny infant niece of mine was taken from the arms of its consumptive mother to be cared for temporarily in my family. My wife put it immediately upon a diet of RIDGE'S FOOD exclusively. The healthful growth of the child was very remarkable. At the end of three months, when returned to its home, it had become such a plump, rosy-cheeked child as to be hardly recognizable even to its mother. The child has ever since enjoyed perfect health. I have known of several other cases of the use of RIDGE'S FOOD among my neighbors and friends and always with the same satisfactory results.

DAN'L L. MILLIKEN.

Send to Woolrich & Co., Palmer, Mass., for pamphlet, entitled, "Healthful Hints," sent FREE to any address. Mention

ORDERS BY MAIL.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.

Invite correspondence in regard to Samples and prices of their varied lines of Silk, Woolen, and Cotton Dress Materials. Black Silks, Colored Satins, Printed Pongees, Mixed and Check Cheviots for Summer Wear, Sateens, Ginghams, and all Wash Fabrics are kept in select variety. Orders by letter are filled by our most experienced salesmen, and with assured satisfaction to the customers.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

Broadway and 11th Street, New York.

WHO IS JOHN NOMAN?

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES HENRY BECKETT.

One Volume, 16mo, extra cloth, Price, $1.00. Paper 50 Cents.

"Head and shoulders above many American novels which we are constantly bidden to love and to praise."—*New York Herald.*

"Great ingenuity, and more particularly great originality, are shown in the way the whole plot and its denouement are handled."—*New York Star.*

"It exhibits a breadth of culture and a strength of plot for which we may well be grateful."—*The Critic.*

"The plot is novel and intense."—*Boston Journal.*

"The appreciation of the 'true inwardness' of some current social problems uncommonly keen, just, and fearless."—*Chicago Times.*

CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited,

104—106 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply, and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in, and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at $1.00, or Six Bottles for $5.00.

World's Dispensary Medical Association,

No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

$500 REWARD is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy** for a case of Chronic Catarrh which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists 50 cents.

HAGAN'S
BEST FOR
COMPLEXION
TRY IT
MAGNOLIA BALM
Magnolia Balm
makes the Skin Soft & Beautiful as the Lily.
Magnolia Balm
makes Face, Neck, Arms and Hands White & Plump
Magnolia Balm
instantly applied—gives a Ravishing Beauty.
Magnolia Balm
dispels all Unsightly Spots.
Magnolia Balm
marvelous for Face Neck, Arms and Hands
Magnolia Balm
instantly used on Face, Neck, Arms and Hands
Magnolia Balm
restores Youthful Beauty to Faded Cheeks
Magnolia Balm
take it with you to the Mountain Resorts.
Magnolia Balm
Insures a Perfect Complexion
Magnolia Balm
gives an Alabaster Face, Neck Arms and Hands.
Magnolia Balm
gave me this Ravishing Beauty
Magnolia Balm
overcomes Flush of Heat, Dust and Harsh Winds
Magnolia Balm
instantly used on Face, Neck, Arms and Hands

Tennis. Boating. Riding.

YOUNG LADIES SHOULD WEAR

GOOD SENSE CORSET WAISTS

Permit Full Expansion of Lungs.
Perfect Freedom of Motion.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING STORES. Send for Circular.

FERRIS BROS. Manufacturers, NEW YORK.

MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO, Wholesale Western Agents.

A New Book by MAX O'RELL, author of "John Bull and His Island," etc. etc.

JOHN BULL, JUNIOR; or, French as She is Traduced.

With an introduction by George Cary Eggleston; 1 vol., 16mo, boards, flexible style, 50 cents; cloth, gilt top (unique), $1.00.

Uniform with "King Solomon's Mines," etc.

DEAD MAN'S ROCK.

A Romance. By "Q." Cloth, 352 pages, price 75 cents; paper, 25 cents.

To any one who can enjoy an adventure of breathless interest, written in vivid, stirring, picturesque style, thorough enjoyment is in store.

A QUEER RACE.

A Story of Adventure. By W. Westall, author of "The Phantom City." 320 pages, crown 8vo, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 25 cents.

Now Ready. { Complete Descriptive Catalogues of our Publications are now ready, and will be sent free to any address on application. SEND FOR IT NOW. } **Sent Free**

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED

104 & 106 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

CASSELL'S RAINBOW SERIES

OF NEW AND ORIGINAL NOVELS.

BY POPULAR AMERICAN AND FOREIGN AUTHORS.

IN LARGE 12MO. ELEGANTLY PRINTED ON GOOD PAPER AND BOUND IN PAPER COVER.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER VOLUME.

NOW READY.

1. **NATASQUA.** By Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis.
2. **WITNESS MY HAND.** A Fernshire Story.
3. **AS IT WAS WRITTEN.** By Sydney Luska.
4. **WHO IS GUILTY?** By Philip Woolf, M.D.
5. **OUR SENSATION NOVEL.** Edited by J. H. McCarthy, M. P.
6. **DEAD MAN'S ROCK.** By Q.
7. **A QUEER RACE.** By Wm. Westall.
8. **CALAMITY JANE.** By Mrs. G. E. Spencer.
9. **A PRINCE OF DARKNESS.** By Florence Warden.
10. **SCRUPLES.** By Mrs. J. H. Walworth.
11. **MARVELOUS IN OUR EYES.** By E. A. Hornibrook.
12. **OLD FULKERSON'S CLERK.** By Mrs. J. H. Walworth.
13. **KING SOLOMON'S MINES.** By H. Rider Haggard.
14. **A MORAL SINNER.** By M. N. Daly.
15. **ADAM HEPBURN'S VOW.** By Annie S. Swan.
16. **MORGAN'S HORROR.** By George Manville Fenn.
17. **BY FIRE AND SWORD.** By Thomas Archer.
18. **THE PHANTOM CITY.** By William Westall.
19. **No. XIII; or, The Lost Vestal.** By Emma Marshall.
20. **A CRIMSON STAIN.** By Annie Bradshaw.
21. **WANTED—A SENSATION.** By Edward S. Van Zile.
22. **MRS. PEIXADA.** By Sydney Luska.
23. **JOHN PARMELEE'S CURSE.** By Julian Hawthorne.

OTHER VOLUMES IN PREPARATION.

CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited,

104 & 106 Fourth Avenue, New York.

CASSELL'S SUNSHINE SERIES

—OF—

CHOICE COPYRIGHT FICTION.

A Series of 12mo Volumes, Issued Weekly.

Price, Illuminated Paper Covers, - 50 Cents Each.

Or in Extra Cloth, $1.00 per Volume.

The Veiled Beyond. By S. B. Alexander.

Orion, The Gold Beater. By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

The Bar Sinister. By Mrs. J. H. Walworth.

Two Men. By Elizabeth Stoddard.

As Common Mortals.

No. 19 State Street. By David G. Adee.

Madam Silva and The Ghost of Dred Power.

By M. G. McClelland.

Without Blemish. By Mrs. J. H. Walworth.

Brown Stone Boy and other Queer People.

By W. Henry Bishop.

A Plucky One. By Mrs. Geo. E. Spencer.

Another's Crime; from the Diary of Inspector Byrnes.

By Julian Hawthorne.

Bewitched. By Louis Pendleton.

New Man at Rossmere. By Mrs. J. H. Walworth.

Two Gentlemen of Gotham. By C. & C.

A Banker of Bankersville. By Maurice Thompson

The Tragedy of Brinkwater.

By Martha Livingston Moody

OTHER VOLUMES IN PREPARATION.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED,

104 & 106 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

PERFORATED PAPER.

Price Reduced 50 per cent.

This Fixture Heavily Plated

—AND—

Four 1000-Sheet Rolls

BEST STANDARD BRAND

(Not Medicated)

DELIVERED FREE

Anywhere in the United States on receipt of

ONE DOLLAR.

eight packages and pocket-case for $1 enclosed.

My physician recommends your Medicated Paper, and I enclose $1 for eight packets with pocket-case.

NEW YORK, April 18, 1885.

Your Medicated Paper has been used with most gratifying result. It is a splendid remedy and has my unqualified endorsement. Please send two 1000-sheet rolls.

NEW HARTFORD, IOWA, Aug. 11, 1887.

We cannot do without your Medicated Paper. Send two dollars worth at once.

OUR MEDICATED PAPER

Heavily charged with an ointment approved by the profession, offers a method of treatment free from the inconvenience and annoyance attending the use of other remedies. The itching type of the disease quickly yields to its influence.

We submit a few extracts from the many letters we receive as to the value of our Medicated Paper. The originals may be seen at our office.

31 SOMERSET ST., BOSTON, MASS., July 1, 1885.

A. P. W. PAPER CO.

GENTLEMEN: Your Medicated Toilet Paper is useful in the treatment of Anal diseases, allaying to a great extent the intense itching; it is a remedy easily applied, and a trial is convincing of its merits.

F. M. JOHNSON, M.D.

NORRISTOWN, PA., Dec. 15, 1886.

A. P. W. PAPER CO.

GENTLEMEN: Having recommended your Medicated Paper to a number of my patients suffering from Hemorrhoids, I find it of great benefit in preventing the intense itching, and in some cases has made a permanent cure.

FROM A PHYSICIAN.—I am much pleased with your sample of Medicated Paper. Please send me

NEWBURGH, May 17, 1886.

Pocket Packet,	$0 10
Price per Roll of 1000 Sheets securely wrapped in Tin Foil,	0 50
Eight Packets and Neat Pocket Case,	1 00
Two 1000-Sheet Rolls and Nickel Fixture,	1 30

Delivered Free, anywhere in the United States, on receipt of price. Address

Albany Perforated Wrapping Paper Co., Albany, N. Y.

CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

OVER 7,000 MILES

OF

FIRST-CLASS RAILROAD

Penetrating the most attractive portions of

Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska and Wyoming.

THE DIRECT ROUTE

FOR

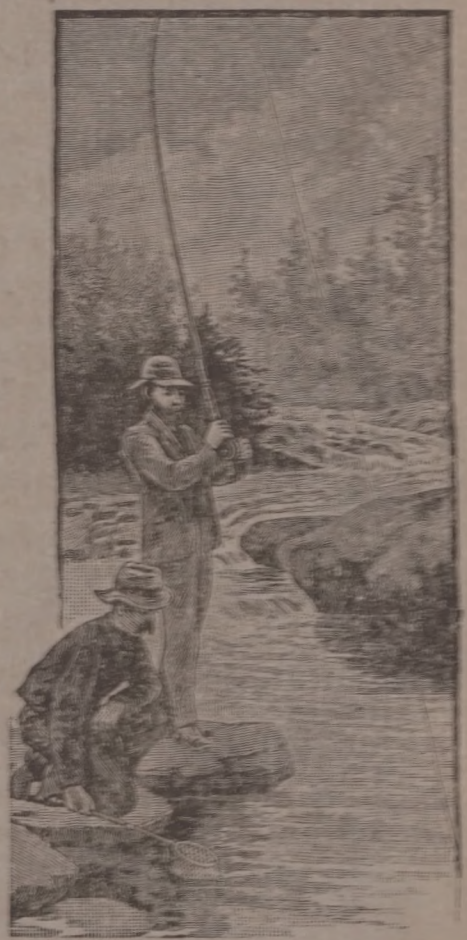
Tourists AND Sportsmen

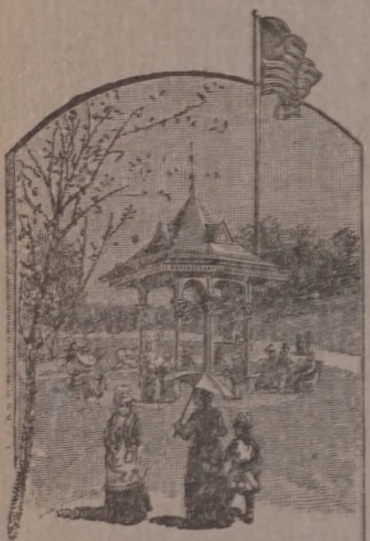
TO

Milwaukee, Waukesha, Madison, Neenah and Menasha, Green Lake, Marquette, Lake Geneva, Fox Lake, Devil's Lake.

St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland, Lake Minnetonka, Yellowstone National Park.

Council Bluffs, Omaha, Denver and the Mountains of Colorado, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Colton, San Diego, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver and all California, Alaska and Pacific Coast Points.





ITS

Train Service,

Consisting of

THROUGH FAST TRAINS

Between **CHICAGO** and destinations, is carefully arranged to meet the requirements of Through and Local Travel, and its equipment of new and superb **SLEEPING CARS, PALATIAL DINING CARS** and **ELEGANT PARLOR CARS AND COACHES** is such as to command the patronage of the best class of travelers. It is the **ONLY LINE** to the **BLACK HILLS.**

Rates, Maps, and all information furnished on application to any Ticket Agent, or to the General Passenger Agent, at Chicago.

J. M. WHITMAN,
General Manager.

H. C. WICKER,
Traffic Manager.

E. P. WILSON,
General Passenger Agent.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00014929241